

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

GABRIELLE D'ANNUNZIO'S new play, "Gloria," as we stated last week, has been hissed off the stage at Naples, and now Eleonora Duse has abandoned her intention of producing it at Rome. The author, however, will publish his play in book-form, preceded by the dedication: "To the dogs who hissed it at Naples." Meanwhile, Signora Duse has promised to visit Paris in June, in order to give a single performance of "La Dame aux Camélias," the proceeds to go towards the Memorial to Alexandre Dumas *filis*.

ANOTHER round century of "best" novels is now purchasable. The selection has been made this time not by a strong syndicate of editors and scholars, but by a city bookseller, yet the result seems to be much the same. Will not a rival firm or newspaper retort with the hundred second best novels? They might prove to be better than the "best."

MEANWHILE, cheap literature has once more received championship from Mr. Bryce, M.P. It was Mr. Bryce who advocated, some months ago, the shilling "six-shilling novel," which no publisher, however, has yet given us—the standard price having been fixed at sixpence. Now he asks, at the annual meeting of the National Home Reading Union, for single plays of Shakespeare and specimens of other masters at a slightly dearer rate than a penny—Mr. Stead's price for literature—suitably printed for reading in shaky trains. But the thing has been excellently done. Cassell's National Library, projected and edited by the late Henry Morley, is a wonderful collection of English classics at threepence the volume. Nothing better could be produced. Critics of publishing should master existing editions before they advocate new ones.

WE were among the first to suggest that the issue of new novels at sixpence might prove profitable to publishers. Messrs. Methuen's project for such a series, to be called "The Novelist," was soon afterwards announced; and on the 16th the public will be able to purchase at sixpence a new story by Mr. E. W. Hornung, entitled *Dead Men Tell No Tales*. An advance copy of this story has reached us. The striking red and gold paper cover adopted for the series is well chosen: it is neat, strong, and individual.

THE committee in charge of the scheme for the erection of a statue of Lord Byron in Aberdeen has decided to disregard the persons who, while favourable to the granite city having a statue of the poet, consider that it would be

hurtful to the morals of young Aberdeen that it should be placed in front of the Grammar School. The statue is to be of bronze, and will stand on a granite pedestal.

### A BELATED KINDNESS.

[THE McGill University, Montreal, has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

Why have you been so long, McGill?  
Where were you when our friend was ill?  
It's surely wrong to wait until  
He's well to "doctor" him.

MR. KIPLING, as a matter of fact, is particularly pleased that this honour, the first of its kind (and the first, doubtless, of a long list), should come to him from the Lady of Snows, or, as he puts it in his letter of acceptance, from "the elder sister of the new nations within the Empire."

APROPPOS of the new Doctor of Laws, the Duke of York is said to have remarked, concerning the attention paid by the papers to his recent indisposition: "Really, I might be Kipling."

WE are reminded by Messrs. Jarrold that they still have in stock certain minor writings by George Borrow, of which more is perhaps said than known. The books are that sardonic work *The Turkish Jester*; or, *The Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi*, of which a portion of the original edition still exists; *The Death of Balder*, a translation from the Danish of Ewald, and *Targum*; or, *Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects*, reprints of which were issued some ten years ago.

THE following classified table accompanying a recent official report of the Imperial Library at Tokio indicates the nature of reading of 7,770 readers in twenty-four days at that institution:

|   | Japanese and Chinese Works. | European Works. |
|---|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Theology and Religion . . .                             | 635                         | 14              |
| Philosophy and Education . . .                          | 2,368                       | 145             |
| Literature and Languages . . .                          | 8,038                       | 998             |
| History, Biography, Geography, Travel . . . . .         | 9,768                       | 460             |
| Law, Politics, Sociology, Economy, Statistics . . . . . | 6,577                       | 304             |
| Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Medicine . . . . .     | 9,506                       | 388             |
| Engineering, Military Arts, Industries . . . . .        | 4,943                       | 205             |
| Miscellaneous Books . . . . .                           | 4,840                       | 530             |

The proportion of European works is very large.

THE circumstances that Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetical play, "The Countess Cathleen," touches upon the debateable ground of religion, and that a strong party had been formed to protest against its sentiments, helped to mar its performance at the opening of the Irish Literary Theatre on Monday. But that in good hands it is both dramatic and beautiful was none the less proved. Mr. Martyn's "The Heather Field," the play which was published with a eulogy by Mr. George Moore early this year, and afterwards served as the pivot of a sprightly discussion between Mr. Moore and Mr. Archer was produced, under the same auspices, on Tuesday, with great success, its interest being, to those who knew the play only in book form, amazingly real. The Irish Literary Theatre may, then, be said to be fairly started, and we trust that its career will be long and distinguished.

In the little organ of the Society, *Beltaine*, issued by the Unicorn Press, is printed, among other relevant matter, the prologue to "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Heather Field," written by Mr. Lionel Johnson. We quote a portion :

The May fire once on every dreaming hill  
All the fair land with burning bloom would fill :  
All the fair land, at visionary night,  
Gave loving glory to the Lord of Light.  
Have we no leaping flames of Beltaine praise  
To kindle in the joyous ancient ways ;  
No fire of song, of vision, of white dream,  
Fit for the Master of the Heavenly Gleam ;  
For Him who first made Ireland move in chime,  
Musical from the misty dawn of time ?

Ah, yes : for sacrifice this night we bring  
The passion of a lost soul's triumphing :  
All rich with faery airs that, wandering long  
Uncaught, here gather into Irish song ;  
Sweet as the old remembering winds that wail  
From hill to hill of gracious Inisfail ;  
Sad as the unforgetting winds that pass  
Over her children in her holy grass  
At home, and sleeping well upon her breast,  
Where snowy Déirdre and her sorrows rest.

THE *Irish Anthology*, on the plan of Mr. Humphry Ward's *English Poets*, which Mr. T. W. Rolleston is editing for Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., is expected to be ready in the autumn. Mr. Stopford Brooke is writing the introduction, and also a notice of Thomas Moore ; Mr. Lionel Johnson deals with Mangan ; and Mr. A. P. Graves writes on Sir Samuel Ferguson. Other contributors of critical notices are Prof. W. McNeile Dixon, Dr. George Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, D. J. O'Donoghue, W. B. Yeats, and George Russell ("A. E.").

A LIFE of José Rizal, the Filipino novelist, has recently appeared in Austria. Rizal, a doctor both of medicine and of philosophy, who had a European education and was a graduate of the University of Madrid, was consumed by a passion for freedom. His love of his country was intense, and it eventually brought about his death. He had long plotted against Spanish rule, not only by directly inciting rebellion, but by attempting to found a colony for

independent Filipinos in Borneo. Imprisonment did not deter him. At last, in December, 1896, he was shot by order of the Government. His end was dramatic. An hour before the execution he married the Irish girl to whom he had been betrothed. The Spaniards, by an act of cruelty that might have been spared, ordered the shooting to be done by Filipinos. "On the day following Rizal's death," says an account in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "his widow passed the Spanish line at Manila and made her way on foot to the camp of the patriots. There Aguinaldo gave her command of a company, at the head of which the Irish bride-widow gained more than one victory. She has, perhaps, fallen ere this, a victim to American bullets. Before he died Rizal wrote a poem, which was his dying message to his native land, from which this is a stanza :

Farewell, adored Fatherland ; our Eden lost, farewell ;  
Farewell, O sun's loved region, pearl of the Eastern sea ;  
Gladly I die for thy dear sake ; yea, thou knowest well,  
Were my sad life more radiant far than mortal tongue could tell,  
Yet would I give it gladly, joyously, for thee."

Books about the American-Spanish War are increasing in number and decreasing in interest. The American public has ceased to buy them. Even Lieut. Hobson's work has had only a moderate vogue. A literary critic who admires it remarked, says the *Boston Literary World* : "In a hundred years, when Hobson's narrative has been forgotten, some fellow will come along and make a novel out of the material in it and win a tremendous success."

THE Rev. A. B. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, now in his eighty-first year, is still vigorous in body and mind. Mr. W. T. Field, the Secretary of the Brontë Society, told the members on Saturday that he paid him a visit at Easter at his residence in Ireland, and had an opportunity of seeing Richmond's portrait of Charlotte Brontë, which has recently been restored, and is to be bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery. The present Rector of Haworth, the Rev. T. W. Story, unlike his predecessor, is an admirer of the Brontës, and the members of the Society present at the re-opening of the Museum on Saturday had the opportunity of seeing the rooms in which Charlotte and her sisters lived and worked.

ACCORDING to the New York *Publishers' Circular*, the editor of a threepenny English magazine has forwarded to such men of letters as he considers eminent or amiable enough for his purpose a pudding-basin full of gelatinous matter, with the request that they will have it warmed, press their feet well into it, and send it back. This pleasing performance is to the end that the intelligent readers of the threepenny magazine may be able to consider whether each writer has the sort of foot that would be expected from a perusal of his works, or whether the works of a man with a foot like that seem likely to be worth reading. It is rumoured that one man of letters, favoured with this delicate attention, sent back the basin of gelatinous matter to the editor with the request that he press his head well into it.

THE American *Bookman* tells the following new and satisfactory story of Mr. Ruskin: "A certain person in this country sent a friend of his in England an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the Customs, of course, and were in peril of confiscation, when the consignee learned that if he could procure a letter from Mr. Ruskin allowing the books to pass into England the Customs would release them. Accordingly, a letter of request was sent to Mr. Ruskin, who replied promptly and with characteristic *verve*, as follows:

SIR,—I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me.—Yours, &c.,  
JOHN RUSKIN.

The volumes," adds the *Bookman*, "came back to America, but in spite of very tempting offers the recipient of Mr. Ruskin's curt reply refuses to part with the autograph."

A CORRESPONDENT, signing herself "Lux," Devon, asks us to give publicity to the following plea: "I am interested in our local Literary Society, and wish to see it of real value to us all. Could any of your readers suggest in what way such country clubs could be developed besides the obvious lending library and reading-room? How to supply new and bright literature without encumbering limited shelves with books no longer asked for is another point on which advice of experience is sought. The carriage of books from Mudie's is a prohibitory tax on our small funds." Our correspondent encloses her name and address, and we shall be glad to forward to her any communications that may be forthcoming.

In a little anonymous book, entitled *Richard Holt Hutton* of "*The Spectator*" (Oliver & Boyd), containing a number of Mr. Hutton's more memorable utterances on many subjects, this little poem is quoted from one of his "Holiday Rambles":

Through the sweet night half waking I had lain,  
Lulled by the murmur of the rushing Inn,  
Which seemed like memory without its pain,  
The eager years of youth without their sin.

I rise: in moonlit curves the glacier spreads,  
The peaks in ghostly beauty veil their might,  
The dark firs wave their faintly-lighted heads,  
The landscape seems a phantom of the night.

Those polar snows, lapped in soft summer air,  
That ice, which sparkles back a southern moon,  
Those black-stoled rocks like monks in wrath or prayer,  
Bowed, bare-kneed, on the glacier, late and soon.

Real are they? or such dreams of fevered brain,  
As wise men conjure now from sky and sod,—  
That Love shrinks back from Law's advancing reign,—  
That the Ice-Sea of Science threatens God!

In the *Spectator* article these lines were attributed to a poetic youth called "Mr. Q.," but the writer of this little monograph is of opinion that "Mr. Q." and Hutton were one and the same.

It is to be hoped that the new Victor Hugo books will be better than the new Daudet book, which we review elsewhere. But it may be assumed safely that they will. Mr. Paul Maurice, who has control of Hugo's papers, has

arranged a new volume of *Choses Vues*; and a volume containing the poet's letters to his betrothed, "which were written out in little notes and slipped quietly into her hand during visits which gave the lovers no opportunity of private speech," is ready for the press. The publication savours of indiscretion; but, as in the case of the Browning love-letters, we shall not be able to decide until we have the book.

A CRITIC, dealing eulogistically with Mr. Dunne and Mr. Dooley, says that the caustic bar-tender of Chicago had a short previous existence in Mr. Dunne's articles as Colonel McNeery. Here are extracts from the Colonel's account of a "Lithry Congress" at Chicago:

"Divvle a word about pothry," he says. "It was like a meetin' iv th' Bricklayers' Union, it was, so it was, with all th' talk about how the dirty old book publishers was thrown it into th' poor potes an' grindin' thim down in th' ground. . . . Well, sir, be this an' be that, it turned out that there was oney wan pote in th' house. An' in th' name iv heavin who d'ye think it was? Bonney! Yis, yis. Divil th' liss. That's him. Th' little lawyer. Th' little guy with th' bunch iv whiskers. Oh, dear; oh, dear. Well, sir, if th' pope iv Rome—Gawd f'r give me f'r sayin' it—was to come up to that bar at this blissid moment an' ask f'r gin an' bitthers I'd be no more taken back. I niver know'd Bonney was a pote. I thought he was more respectable. But he read a pome, an' tho' . . . pothry's not a leg hould f'r me, by gar, I liked Bonney's pothry. Listen:

'Th' splendid city build at Jackson Paark,' he says,  
'To house,' he says, 'th' gathered treasures iv th' world  
Must pass away, but reproduced in books,' he says,  
'Th' wondhrous forms in beauty an iv use,  
Which there,' he says, 'excite amazement and delight,  
Shall put on immortality (no, be gar, that's wrong)  
immortality and take,' says he,  
'Their lasting place in human hist'ry,' says Bonney.

"Well," I says to Tiddy, "that's a dam'd fine article iv pothry," I says. "It sounds almost like prose," I says. "It is prose," says Tiddy. "Then," says I, "divil a bit the worse it is for that," says I. So we ups an' goes to the prize fight.

THE editor of a health journal asks us if we will "loan him" the block (recently used in the *ACADEMY*) representing Mr. Bernard Shaw as the Dying Vegetarian. We gladly do so. The name of the paper is *Life and Beauty*.

WE print the following note from a correspondent on M. Paderewski's performance at the Queen's Hall this week, as some expression of the extraordinary emotional effect which this remarkable pianist exercises on his hearers of almost every kind:

Men call him Paderewski, this sad-faced messenger of the gods. His name does not matter: where he is, he is not. Beethoven and Chopin *are*. Their spirits may rest, for they have found a voice. . . . I breathed rare mountain air for days. The spell was upon me. I had walked with the gods. I felt I could be my Ideal self. I could be, do, suffer anything. I could go to the stake for any cause if Paderewski would play my funeral march. . . . Mr. Wood thought he was conducting that orchestra, I suppose. He



was not. Paderewski held it in the hollow of his hand. He fixed his eye upon it and the men played as they had never played before in all their lives. He magnetised it. In playing with him it was greater than itself. He was the soul of it. It bore him up on the wings of an orchestra inspired. It sank into silence with him and died away in pianissimos that came in far echoes from over the hills of silence. Great Beethoven faded, and Chopin spoke to us with his own voice. We listened, breathless, to the end when the strange spirit whispered to us in one mighty passage after another. Gigantic passages they were, yet no one thought "how clever," each one felt "how great," as the spirit came along in its last glorious march, upborne by the inspired orchestra. It was like the march of some white war-horse of the gods. It passed on to victory, out of sight, and deafening cheers brought the vision to an end, and I went out into the night walking in a land of ghosts.

## Bibliographical.

I MAY be permitted to express in this place my personal and individual gratification at Mr. Fortescue's accession to the Keepership of the Printed Books in the British Museum, because Mr. Fortescue, as we all know, has distinguished himself especially in the realm of bibliography. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have blessed and bless him for those *Subject Indices* of his. There is, of course, always one objection to compilations of that kind—that while they make easier the path of the inquirer, they also make easier the path of the lazy and even ignorant person who desires a reputation for erudition. However, Mr. Fortescue's *Indices* deal only with very modern books, and can therefore be only of limited service to the literary impostor. To the genuine student they are, within their range, invaluable. "What are the best books on such and such a subject?" This is a question which so many people put day by day, and even now it can be answered satisfactorily only by experts in the various departments of literary knowledge.

The "literary drama" is having quite an innings just now. Only the other day we had "Grierson's Way" at the Haymarket; this week there has been the Hibernian revival in Dublin; and on Monday next Mr. Poel is to give us, in London, FitzGerald's version of Calderon's "Vida es Sueno." I have already drawn attention to the many translations and adaptations of that play which exist in English. FitzGerald's version must, of course, always have a peculiar interest for all lovers of literature. But I do hope that on Monday "Life's a Dream" will not be rendered in the usual "Elizabethan" manner—i.e., with only one piece of scenic background and without any breathing space between the acts. This performing of plays from start to finish, without change of scene and without pause of any kind, is calculated not so much to turn the hair grey as to destroy it altogether. I always come away from the representations of the Elizabethan Stage Society a little balder than I went.

The decease of Mrs. Marshall reminds one of the large extent to which literary fame can be, so to speak, sectional—considerable, yet strictly limited—real, but circumscribed.

Very many adult people, no doubt, were aware that Emma Marshall was the name of the author of numerous popular stories (mostly of the quasi-historical sort) for the young; but by how many of those adults had any of those stories been read? Ought I to be ashamed to say that I never read one of them? The only bit of Mrs. Marshall's writing that ever came in my way was the essay on "A. L. O. E." and Mrs. Ewing which she contributed two years ago to *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign*. This struck me as conceived and written in very slovenly fashion, and altogether inadequate to the occasion. If Mrs. Marshall always wrote like that, she was very inferior as a *littérateur* to the two ladies she ventured to criticise.

A little bird whispered to me a short time ago that Mr. John Murray thought of publishing more novels in the immediate future than he had issued in the recent past, but that his aim would be to take care that he published none that were not absolutely good. If this be so, the resolution is eminently creditable. Simply appalling is the amount of mediocrity (not to say rubbish) in the shape of fiction that even the most reputable publishers will place before the public; and it would be a positive benefaction if certain firms would make it clear, by the moderate measure of their output, that they would always favour quality in preference to quantity. I see that the new novel announced by Mr. Murray is called *Lesser Destinies*, and deals with "many aspects of life in the East End."

Canon Ainger's monograph on Charles Lamb—which is to be reprinted as part and parcel of the "de luxe" reproduction of the Canon's edition of Lamb's works—dates from 1882; but he revised it in 1888. He may now have revised it once more. The Works were edited by the Canon in the following order: *The Essays of Elia*, 1883; *Mrs. Leicester's School, and Other Writings*, 1885; and *Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays*, 1888. To the last-named year belongs the Canon's collection of Lamb's *Letters* (in two volumes). There can be no doubt that these five volumes are very neat and handy. The Canon would, perhaps, have done well had he connected the letters by a thread of biographic narrative.

We are all of us glad that Dr. George MacDonald has found himself well enough to come to England this year. It so happens that Mrs. Oliphant has just made public, in one of her letters (addressed to Mr. John Blackwood in 1863), that it was she who introduced *David Elginbrod* to the late Mr. Henry Blackett, whose firm published it at her "urgent recommendation." *David Elginbrod* was Dr. MacDonald's first novel, though it had been preceded by his romantic tale, *Phantastes*. Apart from *Phantastes*, he was known, when *Elginbrod* appeared, only as a writer of verse. It was Messrs. Hurst & Blackett who published, two years ago, Dr. MacDonald's latest novel, *Salted with Fire*.

Some of the reviewers of Miss Harraden's story, *The Fowler*, have been saying that the Theodore Bevan who plays the title part in it is a most improbable personage. Now, suppose it should prove that there is a living original from whom Bevan was directly drawn—what then? Gossip has it that the prototype of Bevan exists among us.

THE BOOKWORM.

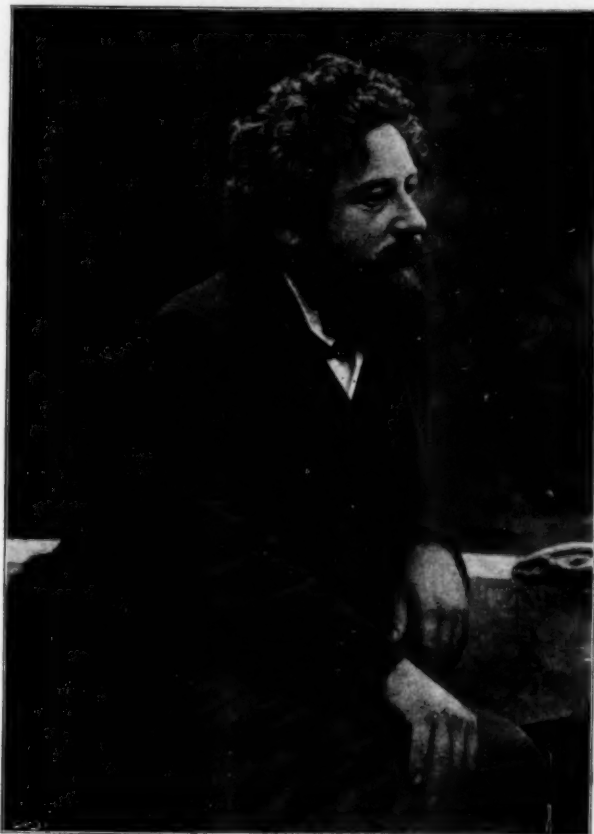


## Reviews.

## A Ripe and Rushing Life.

*The Life of William Morris.* By J. W. Mackail. 2 vols. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Few people will have envied Mr. Mackail the task entrusted to him of writing a *Life of Morris*. Apart from the thorny difficulties which beset him, was the certain fact that he could not please all readers. On the one hand are the Socialists, mostly contemptuous of Morris's art; on the other are the art-lovers, wondering why he ever mixed himself up with Socialism. In the middle are a few who



WILLIAM MORRIS AT 41.  
From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.

know that Art and Socialism alike were the outcome of an intense, passionate craving for active work, a hatred of all that was sordid and ugly, and a desire, strong as a gospel, to leave the world more beautiful than he found it. With this dominating aim in view, Morris became, as successive vistas of activity opened before him, architect, painter, poet, decorator, weaver, printer, and craftsman in many arts. Finally the vast field of social reform engulfed him, and to his other activities he added those of lecturer, preacher, and revolutionary.

By a curious anomaly Morris was the son of wealthy parents, and except from choice need never have worked for his living. That choice, however, drove him like the gadfly of the goddess, and nearly persuaded him to the Church. From this isolation he, and his bosom friend at Oxford, Burne-Jones, were saved by a variety of causes then first beginning to operate on the impressionable youth of the country.

The secularisation of mind, the widening of interest and outlook beyond the limits prescribed by Anglo-Catholic

ideals, towards which the influence of Chaucer and Browning, like two great windows letting in the air and day, contributed so potently, were coming over him. . . . Art and literature were no longer thought of as handmaids to religion, but as ends to be pursued for their own sake, as a means of realising life.

A dream which at first possessed him of founding a retreat for kindred souls to inhabit leaked away and was replaced by a "brotherhood" of literary, poetical, and, above all, artistic impulses. At this period was organised the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a lineal inheritor of the *Germ*, started five years previously under pre-Raphaelite auspices. Soon, through the admiration of Burne-Jones for Rossetti, Morris linked hands with the pre-Raphaelites themselves, and fell under the sway of that dominating personality. Abandonment of the Church had led him on to architecture; now he became a painter, for Rossetti insisted upon it. So he made the world richer by one sweetly sensitive picture, "Queen Guenevere," and so he came to participate in that rich and reckless outpouring of wasted genius, the decoration of the Oxford Union. One night, as all know, he and Rossetti went to the theatre at Oxford, and there they saw the lady who became Rossetti's wife, and whose magnificent beauty inspired him for most of his finest creations. Morris was only twenty-five when he married. His energies had hardly yet begun to find an outlet, but his powers were at their height. He put them all into the building and decorating of a house which should be the most beautiful house in the world—the well-known Red House at Upton. Here his children were born, and here he spent five years, the happiest of his life. The furnishing of the Red House revealed to Morris that there was no handicraft being worked in England that could satisfy an artistic nature. Beds, furniture, utensils had all to be designed and specially made, and thus came about the formation of that amateur firm of carpet-weavers and decorators known now all over the world as Morris & Co. Here is an account of one of the first board meetings, related by Mr. Faulkner, one of the partners:

I don't know if you have heard of our firm before; if not, I may as well tell you that it is composed of (Madox) Brown, Rossetti, Jones, Webb, Morris, Marshall, Faulkner; that it commenced with a capital which might be considered an infinitesimal of the second order; that it has meetings once or twice a fortnight, which have rather the character of a meeting of the Jolly Masons than of a meeting to discuss business. . . . Our firm has arrived at the dignity of exhibition at the Great Exhibition, where we have already sent some stained glass, and where they obtained a medal for "imitation of Gothic patterns," and shall shortly send some furniture which will doubtless cause the majority of spectators to admire. The getting ready of our things has cost more tribulation and swearing to Topsy (Morris) than these exhibitions will be worth.

The increasing business of the firm and a long bout of ill-health caused Morris to abandon the Red House and move up to London, whence, after things had begun to go satisfactorily, he removed to Kelmscott, on the borders of Oxford and Gloucestershire. By this time (1871) the bulk of his poetical works had seen the light. Mr. Mackail quotes from Canon Dixon a delightfully naïve account of Morris's first outburst into verse under the influence of the friends he had gathered round him at Oxford:

One night Crom Price and I went to Exeter and found him with Burne-Jones. As soon as we entered the room Burne-Jones exclaimed wildly, "He's a big poet!" "Who is?" asked we. "Why, 'Topsy'"—the name given him on account of his mass of dark curly hair, frequently shortened to "Top." We sat down and heard Morris read his first poem, the first he had ever written in his life. It was called "The Willow and the Red Cliff." As he read it I felt it was something the like of which had never been heard before. It was a thing entirely new, founded on nothing previous. . . . He reached his perfection at once. Nothing could have been altered in "The Willow and the Red Cliff," and in my judgment he can

scarcely be said to have exceeded it much afterwards in anything he did.

To the praise lavished on his virgin effort (afterwards destroyed) Morris replied characteristically: "Well, if this is poetry, it is very easy to write"; and, in truth, poetry never gave him much trouble. Mr. Mackail quotes some of his early poems, which were never published; and a fragmentary, but more important, selection from the cycle of Troy poems, which were left unfinished. One gem, the weird and melancholy arming song of Paris, was afterwards transformed, and reappears in "Ogier the Dane"; but we cannot refrain from giving it here in its original form:

Love, within the hawthorn brake,  
Pray you be merry for my sake,  
While I last, for who knoweth  
How near I may be my death?

Sweet, be long in growing old!  
Life and love in age grow cold;  
Hold fast to life, for who knoweth  
What thing cometh after death?

Trouble must be kept afar,  
Therefore go I to the war:  
Less trouble is there among spears  
Than with hard words about your ears.

Love me, then, my sweet and fair,  
And curse the folk that drive me there.  
Kiss me, sweet, for who knoweth,  
What thing cometh after death?

Of all the legends he handled the story of Troy was the one which probably most fascinated the mediæval mind of Morris, and Mr. Mackail records his delight at finding among writers of the Middle Ages the same ideas that haunted him of the vague mystery and tragedy of the ending of that ten-years' war. His conception of Troy is mediæval—a sort of Bruges. The knights go forth singly into the lists, as in Froissart, or look down from the walls on

Our great wet ditches where the carp and tench,  
In spite of arblasts and petrarie,  
Suck at the floating lilies all day long.

The Troy poems are composed in a vivid, dramatic manner, which marked the earlier life of their author. When he came to publishing epics, he had settled down to the even, slow narrative swing of "Jason" and the "Earthly Paradise." Of his attitude towards his own poetry Mr. Mackail says: "No great artist was ever less self-conscious or more free from vanity." "It was a matter of simple duty with him, in a poem as in a design, to do everything as well as he could. It was not with him a matter of inspiration—he never used either the word or the idea—but of sheer honesty and seriousness of workmanship. . . . He never spoke of poetry as involving more than the craftsman's qualities." This explains, and is in part explained by, the fact that so much of his work was based upon ancient themes, which he either translated, like the "Odyssey" and the Icelandic poems, or paraphrased like the story of Jason.

Morris's literary tastes were too miscellaneous to discuss here. Ranging from "Jorrocks" and "Tom Sawyer" to Borrow and Dickens in prose, he had ever a keen appreciation of breezy humour, and many of his own favourite phrases were catchwords derived from the arcana of this class of literature. In poetry he worshipped Browning.

Morris's descent into the region of revolutionary politics seems at first sight a matter requiring explanation. Why should an aristocrat of birth and means—fully conscious of both, yet except at ungarded moments never revealing his consciousness even to intimate friends—stray down into those circles of the discontented poor whose notion of righting society is to wrong those better off than themselves? For the answer to this we should have to look back at the state of London slums and the industrial

market twenty or thirty years ago with the same frank, inquiring eyes that Morris looked out from; see how its squalor and vileness would have jarred on the dreams he had of a world beautiful with art; and then take into consideration his impulsive nature, his contempt for difficulties, his glorious optimism, and his superabounding energy. Socialism as he found it was a fearful and grievous disappointment. The petty jealousies and quarrels of the leaders, the frothiness and cowardice of the masses, disgusted his very soul, and to his friends he poured it out. But to have laid the burden down would to him have appeared as cowardly as the conduct he condemned, and so he went on, sacrificing time and money as if neither were of the least account, preaching in stuffy halls and under pelting skies, until his health, always threatened, broke down beneath the strain. Had everything been known which this book makes clear, how different would have been the feelings with which even the unimpressible middle-classes would have received him. It is the fate of great men that their acts are judged and their motives unknown. Hence, if their acts are not popular, they are isolated and thrust back on themselves. Morris himself was too self-reliant to mind this or complain of it; yet at times he, too, craved for sympathy, and was almost childishly pleased at finding it in unexpected quarters.

Here this review must end. It is all too short to deal with a tenth of the many activities in which Morris expended himself during the fifty years of his busy life. It has not mentioned his devotion to the antiquities of his native land, his crusade against ignorant and destructive "restorations," his experiments in weaving and dyeing, his enormous influence on the arts of decoration and furniture-making (influence which was recognised abroad far earlier than here), his revival of the arts of illuminating and printing, the important work of the Kelmscott Press, and a hundred other matters of greater or less interest to mankind. Finally, there is the personal element: the fiery, gusty temper which destroyed door-panels and expressed itself in furious beating of head against wall; the carelessness of dress, vehemence of language, generosity of temperament, bluntness of manners. Above all, there is the fountain of humour, delicately caught and reproduced in these pages, worthy record of a crowded, brave, glorious, and most valuable life.

## Autobiography of a Child.

*Autobiography of a Child.* (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE true autobiography of a child—that is to say, the history of a child written by a child—would be a precious document for the thinker, but, from the literary point of view, quaint, dull, without perspective, or charm, or poetry. This last summer in Devonshire it was given me to read the story of a family of children, as written by three little cousins between the ages of seven and thirteen. The plainest matter of fact reigned therein: nurse and the various pets were themes of absorbing interest; not a giant, not a fairy, not a feature of tragedy or comedy varied the recital. I remember also an infant poetess of six who, taken from her Midland town to the seaside in North Wales, commemorated this great occasion in an ode, very properly addressed to her grandmama. She had a passing word for the mountains and the sea; but the real thrill and tremor of the divine afflatus seized her at sight of the mountain sheep with curly horns and long tasselled tails. She wrote:

The mountains and the sea  
A stranger's eye engage.  
But, oh, the horned mountain sheep  
A stranger's eye amaze.

And all our persuasion could not induce her to depart from this redaction. I believe that in most cases of the sort we



grown-up people would find the children's accent put on details to us most unimportant, while what we consider the great interests of life would rise up far out of their tiny field of vision.

Needless to say, the book before us does not fall into this category. It is, in fact, the memoirs of a child written by that child grown to middle-age—written by a woman with a retentive, passionate Celtic memory, which lets pass never a kindness nor a slight; and yet with a breadth of judgment, a tolerant reasonableness, which constantly corrects her violent impressionability. Her own unhappy childhood is seen through the mist of poetry, remembrance, regret, and sweet self-pity with which most persons over thirty regard their earliest years. It is, as Goethe said such books should be, "Wahrheit und Dichtung," truth and poetry. It is a tragic story, the history of a vivid, sensitive, proud, headstrong, dreamy little girl whose mother does not love her, who is sometimes ill-used, and sometimes resentful, but for whom, none the less, "Life is a story, ever broken, ever clouded, with radiant hours amid its many sadnesses, quaint and adorable surprises ever coming to dry the tears of blank despair and solitude; an Irish melody of mirth and melancholy."

Angela is the child of a beautiful and clever Scotch woman settled in Ireland, happy in a second marriage with the man of her heart, and eager to forget the miserable early union to which the child Angela owes her birth. A nervous impatience of the poor baby, a natural strain of harshness in her fine cold temper, lead the mother to a severity which estranges her little girl for ever. Such a nature as Angela's requires for its education the subtlest mingling of discipline and liberty. The authority which governs it should appeal first of all to the devotedness, the honour, the hero-worship of its small subject, nor ever arouse the vindictive rebelliousness of a too sensitive nature, aflame for justice, by any act of ill-judged and oppressive tyranny. A cuff and a blow at home, years of neglect at school, alternated in the education of Angela, and the proud little spirit grew up hurt and thwarted, maimed by the cruelty of its initiation into life.

Yet over and over again, by an effect of that curious double vision which is the most remarkable distinction of a remarkable book, the grown-up Angela intervenes and protects the harsh mother from the arraignment of her child. The daughter of five and thirty observes in the mother she forgives qualities which necessarily escaped the observation of the bruised and battered little scapegoat of eight. She sees the fine side of the harsh and violent Scotswoman who made her, after all, so Irish, while correcting in her, too severely, but not without a noble result, the natural deficiencies of the Irish temper.

My mother never seemed to think it possible that any of her children could lie. . . . Extreme sincerity was a part of her character. . . . She was very kind and generous: a woman to turn her back upon a friend in prosperity and court him in poverty. . . . There was nothing of the snob about my mother, I must admit. . . . She was a woman of colossal intelligence, and at all times, whatever her temper, you could put her instantly into good humour by addressing yourself to her intellect. . . . The mother who did not love me was the handsomest creature I had ever beheld.

Angela's baby repulsion to her mother was clearly a case of love, irritable and fierce and hostile because it knows that it is unreturned. An admirable little word-picture places before us this unloving mother: she is on a visit to the Midland convent where her daughter is at school:

How to paint her, as she stood thus valorously free to the raking sunbeams that showed out the mild white bloom and rose-leaf pink of her long, full visage? She wore on her abundant fair hair a black lace bonnet, trimmed with mauve flowers and a white aigrette; and the long train of her white alpaca gown lay upon the grass like a queen's gown. I remember my admiration of the thousand little flounces—black edged—that lay in

shimmering lines up to her rounded waist. She was in half-mourning for my grandmother, whose existence I had forgotten all about; and brave and becoming, it must be admitted, were those weeds of mitigated grief. As I approached she turned her fair and finished visage, with the long, delicate, and cruel nostrils, and the thin, delicate red lips, to me, and her cold blue glance, falling upon my anxious and distrustful face, turned my heart to stone.

For restraint, brilliance, and a sort of vindictive weight of emotion such a passage may be compared with Charlotte Brontë's record of her schooldays at Cowan Bridge. But the book is not all sad. Angela has the happy Irish temperament, with its dash of devil-may-care and its love of adventure. Much light-heartedness tempers her melancholy; and, on a sombre thread, she strings pearls as quaint as shining and as gay as memory can make them.

The first chapters of the book are charming; the Kildare village rises before us with its flat white high road, its village street, its pond so wide that, sure, it must be heaven on the other side—or else New York, that earthly paradise. Nor is there less character in her presentment of mid-England, with its leafy lanes, rose-scented; its tall steeples, narrow pavements, and sleepy little shops; its comfortable farmsteads hung with ivy; and its endless sweep of fields edged with elms, top-heavy and jagged in their age. Best of all is the Dalkey garden, with its cemetery of the imaginary family of L'Estrange, where layer on layer of little wooden sticks appear the indication of hidden seeds; but, if you stooped to read the legend, this is the sort of thing that would greet your eyes: "Here lies Walter L'Estrange, born such and such, wrecked off the coast of Barbary"; or "Reginald L'Estrange, died on Bosworth Field"; or "Edith, his wife, daughter of Lord Seymour"; while all the lives and adventures of the imaginary dead were chronicled in a big ledger safe upstairs in the playroom. Since the Brontë children invented a whole Indian nation to keep them company on the wild moors round Haworth have any little creatures played a better game than Angela and her sisters in their Irish garden?

This is a book to read, but to read as the author wrote it, not in the least as a record of indisputable facts, but as a prismatic vision, seen through tears, of the fairy tale that childhood must become to a memory as sensitive, as quick in selection, as passionately vivid, as that which has evoked, in gratitude and rancour, this autobiography of a child.

MARY JAMES DARMESTETER.

## A Word With Max.

*Mors.* By Max Beerbohm. (Lane. 4s. 6d.)

IN one of these essays, Mr. Beerbohm says: "Not that I had any special reasons for hating school! Strange as it may seem to my readers, I was not unpopular there. I was a modest, good-humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable." Now the time has come—this book proves it—for Mr. Beerbohm to cease to pride himself upon his insufferableness. On numerous occasions he is not insufferable at all; quite the contrary; and when he is, it is the result of premeditation. Normally, Mr. Beerbohm must have an engaging, winning way. With a personality original and attractive "by itself," it seems to us a pity that he should not abandon the exemplars whose influence marks so much of his work—Mr. Wilde on the one side, and Mr. Shaw on the other. Mr. Wilde's gift for paradox and whimsical inversion—as displayed, for instance, in his essay on the "Decay of the Art of Lying"—is masterly: but it is his own; Mr. Shaw's frankness in sparing, in his denunciations, not even himself is continually entertaining: but it is his own. Both manners



can be caught by a deft imitator and re-rendered with amusing effect. But whereas we are content to be merely amused by an ordinarily talented derivative writer, we ask



THE AUTHOR OF "MORE."

why not Mr. Beerbohm? There are passages in this book which go to prove that their author could, if he willed it, write as perfect an essay as any man of his age. In "If I Were Ædile" we find this:

I should keep a very jealous guard upon Berkeley-square. With its perfect tone, its quietude, with Lord Bath's dolphins, Lord Lansdowne's long wall, the old and pleasant anomaly of Gunter's, it is an ineffably distinguished place. Grosvenor-square is so wild a motley that I would make no rules there. But in St. James's-square, that superb example of all that is best, and greatest, and most gloomy in our architecture, I would be a despot indeed. The receivers of money, who have occupied so great a part of it, I would ruthlessly drive forth, and in their empty houses I would reinstate the impoverished noblemen whose ancestors once lived there. Who cares that the place is insanitary? History haunts it. The ghosts of many centuries gather upon its doorsteps. Every window has the pathos of a frame wherefrom some great picture has been torn. From one Nell Gwynne waved her naughtily-embellished fingers, from another poor Caroline dropped her clumsy curtsies to the mob. At that window yonder, not so long since, sat "The Rupert of Debate," glowering through his spectacles, and cursing his swathed foot. . . . Yes, I would be a real despot in St. James's-square.

A note sounds there which no one else is striking just now. Style and fine temperament are there too. The

of a young man—(Will Mr. Beerbohm forgive us for calling him young?)—of genuine literary feeling and wit that he should be first of all himself. Mr. Beerbohm has such unmistakable powers that we suggest that in future he should—at any rate, in those essays which he republishes and "titivates"—be himself and his best self.

As it is, at the risk of incurring his delicate scorn, we must say that Mr. Beerbohm's new book is, in many parts, not quite worthy. In the exceptions it is very good indeed; but the rest, to use an expressive term, is mere "pop limbo," marking no advance on his *Works*. Mr. Beerbohm may reply that when a humorist writes a book and entitles it *More* he is not to be judged so seriously as we think. But the fact is that Mr. Beerbohm undervalues his worth. His convictions are arrived at deliberately and are dear to him; his intellectuals are at bottom sound; his insufferableness is mere pose. Whenever he forgets that he must still live up to his undergraduate reputation, you see how good he can be. Even Mr. Meredith's Wise Youth had his off moments;

circumstance that Thackeray wrote first does not weigh with us; for here Mr. Beerbohm's true self is speaking, and if Mr. Beerbohm's true self has kinship with Thackeray, it is an accident. As a matter of fact, he is often very Thackerayan. Here is another passage, from the paper on Mme. Tussaud's:

Life was a sacred thing—why had it been profaned here for so many years? Whence came this hateful craft? With what tools, in what workshop, who for whose pleasure fashioned these obscene images? Images? Yes, of course, they were images. . . . But why should Garibaldi and those others all stare at me so gravely? Had they some devil's power of their own, some mesmerism? It flashed upon me that, as I watched them, they were stealing my life from me, making me one of their own kind. My brain seemed to be shrinking, all the blood ceasing in my body. I would not watch them. I drooped my eyelids. My hands looked smooth, waxen, without nerves. I knew now that I should never speak nor hear again, never move. I took a dull pride even in the thought that this was the very frock-coat in which I had been assassinated. . . . With an effort I pulled myself together. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, I passed through that morgue of upstanding corpses to the entrance, down the marble staircase, out into the street. . . . Ah! it was good to be in the street!

And one more scrap:

Often, since, have I wondered whether a Spartan system be really well for youths who are bound mostly for Capuan Universities. It is true, certainly, that this system makes Oxford or Cambridge doubly delectable. Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford or Cambridge. And the discipline to which they are subject is so slight that it does but serve to accentuate their real freedom. The sudden reaction is rather dangerous, I think, to many of them.

Briefly, Mr. Beerbohm can think and observe and write. He has the uncommon gift of seeing clearly the "other side" of things; he can stand aside impartially and watch contemporary life with the eye of the historian; his fastidiousness, when disciplined, is exquisite; his appreciation of the best is sound. He has no need to stop continually to say: "See how clever I am!"; he has no need to remember any of his predecessors or contemporaries in literature; he has no need to be other than his best self.

"Yet, oh the jester that is lost!" would be, we seem to hear someone urging, the comment which would follow, did Mr. Beerbohm take his art seriously and put on paper only the best of him, instead of the best only fitfully and with his cherished insufferableness as its alloy. But that would be absurd. Mr. Beerbohm's best is of a rare and ingenious humour compact, and the loss would, in reality, be gain. His admirers might change a little in quality: that is all. For ourselves, we do not greatly value mechanical japes. The exercise in facile irony in this volume, called "An Infamous Brigade"—an attack on the firemen for destroying the beauty of fires—becomes very tiring after a page or so. Probably the author had a satirical intention when he first penned it: as a travesty of the methods of a certain school of literature, it is excellent fooling; but such work is machine made. Mr. Beerbohm's account of the popular novelist is also wearisome; and, more, it is cheap. And he does not always know where to stop: an admirable criticism of Ouida is impaired seriously by a parody of her style, so elaborate, and clearly so to the author's own taste that it seems almost as if the criticism were written merely to introduce it. Ouida does not suffer by it; but neither does her eulogist gain.

But we are, perhaps, too critical. If our belief in Mr. Beerbohm has led us on too far, he must take the excess as a compliment.

### The Comforter of Czars and Moujiks.

*Thoughts and Counsels of Father John: Selected and Arranged from "My Life in Christ."* By Cyril Bickersteth and Agnes L. Illingworth. (Mowbray & Co.)

THIS little book contains the essence of a larger work, *My Life in Christ*, which, when presented to English readers two years ago by Colonel Goulaeff, revealed to them the existence and character of this most remarkable Russian priest—the comforter of Czars and moujiks. The size and expense of that volume must have deterred many



FATHER JOHN.

from acquainting themselves with the life and teachings of this extraordinary man; it was, therefore, a good thought to draw from it a smaller and more orderly book.

When noticing the larger work, in 1897, we pointed out that there is no great wealth of graceful and illuminative fancy in Father John's writings. Nor are these charged, like Count Tolstoy's, with original cogitations on the problems which vex, and the doubts which enfeeble, modern minds. Father John's message is rarely enforced by, or directed toward, the events and conditions of the day. He is probably not blind to these, but his is the changeless criticism of life which is natural to those who wish only to call men to the life with God. Thus we find the following sentence interjected among maxims on the pursuit of holiness:

The characteristics of the men of the second half of the present nineteenth century are: self-worship, self-government (autonomy), materialism in life, and spiritual scepticism (incredulity).

The solitariness and the tone of this passage are both characteristic of Father John, who is above all things a priest of the Holy Orthodox Church, a shepherd of the wandering sheep; himself being fortified in his faith as his cathedral of St. Andrew is strong amid the bastions of Cronstadt.

Father John is the Archpriest of that august temple. Thence he issues to the bedside of sick and dying Russia. He soothed the last hours of Alexander III., and he has put many a nameless drunkard on his feet. Wherever he goes crowds follow him, drawn by his saintliness and his long purse, which is filled by the charitable rich to be

emptied day by day into the laps of the poor. An "English traveller" explains his unique position as follows:

The real fact is, that Father John is a great mystery. No one knows exactly how his great reputation was first made or when it all began. I think that, wonderful as are the stories about him and the way his prayers are answered, his extraordinary influence in Russia rests less upon this than upon the fact that he represents the ideal which has formed itself in the minds of orthodox Russians as to what a priest ought to be. He is a most beautiful man in every way: perfectly simple and natural, and free from cant; spending his whole life doing good, just taking things as they come from day to day, and bringing sorrow for sin, brightness, and peace with him wherever he goes.

All over Russia Father John is credited with supernatural powers of healing the sick. Yet the Faith-Healers can hardly claim him. Father John does not deny the doctor's power to cure with medicine. Rather, he affirms with unique force the efficacy of prayer. "Ask Him boldly for everything." All that is necessary is faith—the soul's affirmative answer to the question: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" "We must believe," says this experienced Christian, "that the deeds follow the words as the shadow follows the body, for the word and the deed of the Lord are indivisible, for He commanded, and they were created." Thus, one priest's store of faith, like the loaves and fishes, feeds the multitude.

We think that the editors of this selection have justly distinguished the main characteristics of Father John's teaching. There is, first, "the vivid realisation of the communion of saints and the nearness of the spiritual world." Here we may note Father John's abounding sense of the value of sacraments, images, festivals, and places as aids to spiritual achievement. "God is throughout the world," he says, "but especially in heaven and in temples." It was surely a little unnecessary for the editors to remark that they "did not feel bound to exclude every expression which we could not reconcile with the doctrinal standards of the Church of England." We should think not! The life and meaning of this book could not be separated from Father John and the Orthodox Church. One reads too, with weariness, the editors' belief that readers "will certainly acquit Father John of idolatry or superstition, when they find how his heart and mind are possessed with the thought of the Majesty and the Immanence of God." This is to put the reader in leading-strings, and to mar his appreciation of such a passage as the following, from the section entitled "Fellow Citizens with the Saints":

I gaze upon the icons in the temple—upon Thy holy icon, my Lord, upon that of Thy most pure mother, those of the holy angels and archangels, and upon the faces of the saints, adorned, resplendent with gold and silver—and think to myself how Thou hast honoured and adorned our nature, Creator and Provider of all! Thy saints shine with Thy light, they are sanctified by Thy grace, having conquered sin and washed away the sinful impurities of body and spirit; they are glorious with Thy glory, they are incorruptible through Thine incorruptibility. Glory to Thee for having so honoured, enlightened, and raised our nature!

Here are Thine Apostles and hierarchs, living images of Thee, the Highest, Who passed through the heavens, Envoy of the Father, Hierarch and Chief of Shepherds; Thy goodness, Thy wisdom, Thy might, spiritual beauty, power, and holiness shine in them.

Here are Thy Martyrs, who by Thy strength overcame terrible temptations and endured fearful tortures; they have washed the garments of their souls white in Thy blood. Here are Thy venerable ones, who by fasting, vigilance, and prayer obtained Thy wonderful gifts, the gifts of healing, of discernment; Thy might strengthened them to stand above sin and all the snares of the Devil; Thy likeness shines forth in them like the sun.

Surely the essential truth and beauty of this passage are self-interpreted to every thoughtful reader.



His openness to spiritual messages from the natural world is Father John's second characteristic. Here is a quaint simile:

It is a remarkable phenomenon in nature that if you put a plant into a large, wide pot or tub it grows very much at the roots; they thicken, they give out many ramifications, but the tree itself does not grow much in height, and only yields few and small leaves and flowers. But if it is planted in a small pot, then the roots are small, but the plant itself grows rapidly in height and yields beautiful leaves and flowers (if it is the nature of the plant to produce flowers). Is it not the same with man? When he lives in full liberty, in abundance and prosperity, then he grows in body and does not grow in spirit, does not bring forth fruits—good works; whilst when he lives in straitness, in poverty, sickness, misfortune, and afflictions—in a word, when his animal nature is crushed—then he grows spiritually, bears flowers of virtue, ripens, and brings forth rich fruits. This is why the path of those who love God is a narrow one.

Other features of Father John's writings will be easily discovered by the reader. In this book, as in the larger work which it represents, we have ancient teaching informed by a unique personality. It is the personality, not the teaching, which will appeal to most of Father John's English readers. For the man as well as the priest is seen behind all, and nothing is more usual than for the one to support the other. Even when the priest warns us that the devil "chiefly assaults the heart through a full stomach," the man confesses, "this is from experience."

### Soldier and Squire.

*Lumsden of the Guides.* By General Sir Peter S. Lumsden and George R. Elsmie. (Murray. 16s.)

THIS is the record of a good soldier and a good squire. Its compilation has been rendered possible by the discovery of the full and interesting letters which Lumsden wrote to his parents during his Indian career. These had been carefully preserved by his mother, and they form the staple material of this book. Sir Harry Lumsden came of an old Scottish family having its seat at Belhelvie Lodge, Aberdeenshire. He was born, however, amid the very different surroundings of a storm in the Bay of Bengal, while his parents were sailing to India in the East India Company's ship the *Ross*. His father, Lieut. Thomas Lumsden, was a Bengal horse artillery officer of great experience, but Harry reaped nothing from this fact to which his own "grit" did not entitle him. A lost watch story which is told of Thomas Lumsden is too remarkable to be neglected. In 1820 this officer left India for England to be married, and in an adventurous spirit, worthy of the fine Scottish blood in his veins, he travelled overland through Persia, Armenia, and across Europe, having for his companion his cousin, Matthew Lumsden, a learned professor of Persian and Arabic in Calcutta. In the Caucasus the travellers were caught in a great snowstorm, in the midst of which Thomas Lumsden lost a valuable gold watch. Several years later Matthew Lumsden, making a second journey over the same route, greatly to his astonishment, was presented with his cousin's watch by certain monks, who said it had been found on a mountain path. The watch, inscribed "Nil desperandum," is now an heirloom in the family.

The baby Harry Lumsden was sent back to Aberdeen to be reared among the cool Highland hills. And in after life his heart "remembered how" the storms rolled among them, and the trout leapt in the streams below. At sixteen he obtained a cadetship in the East India Company, and was gazetted to the 59th Bengal Native Infantry as ensign. The 59th was one of the best native corps, and Lumsden looked upon the regiment as his home. His brother officers gave him the affectionate nickname

"Joe." A man for whom the name "Harry" is not considered kindly enough must be a very good fellow indeed; and such was "Joe" Lumsden.

It was in 1841, after he had been a lieutenant for nine years, and a political officer on a small scale, that Lumsden received his grand opportunity. It was given to him by Sir Henry Lawrence, who, as the first British agent at Lahore, had gathered round him a choice band of young men—among them Lumsden—"men," he said, "such as you will seldom see anywhere, but when collected together worth double and treble the number taken at haphazard." The need of a small mobile force of men who, at a moment's notice, could act as guides and interpreters to troops in the field was keenly perceived by Lawrence; and it was to Lumsden that he committed the task of raising and training this unique body. The result was the famous regiment of the "Guides," composed of both infantry and cavalry, and filled with soldiers of lion-hearted courage and fox-like intelligence.

Lumsden often found his recruits among his enemies. To use his own words, he sought for "men accustomed to act for themselves, and not easily taken aback by any sudden emergency." There was a man named Dilawur Khan, who had been intended for the Muhammadan priesthood, but instead was going about the country kidnapping bankers and merchants.

Dilawur's capital consisted of his sword, a piece of rope, and a huge bullock's skin, which he could inflate at pleasure, and so carry himself and his guests across the "sacred river." Once there a messenger was sent to settle the sum the firm or family would give as a ransom for his guest. This was Dilawur's occupation. Lumsden, thinking that Dilawur must have rare local knowledge and pluck to carry on such a trade successfully, sent him an invitation to his camp, promising him a safe return to the hills. The very novelty of the invitation took Dilawur's fancy, and to the astonishment of the chief of the district he appeared in camp. Lumsden received him with all courtesy, pointed out that in a short time posts would be so established throughout the country that his calling would be impossible and the risk of hanging great, and ended his moral by proposing to make him a Guide. Dilawur fairly burst into a fit of laughter at the proposal, and took his departure across the border. Six weeks afterwards he voluntarily turned up at Lumsden's tent, saying he had come to join the Guides, but pleaded hard to be excused the degradation of the "goose step"; but Lumsden held out stoutly for the absolute necessity of his being taught the complete art of war, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the most dreaded man on the frontier patiently balancing on one leg at his bidding.

How quickly Lumsden put his little army-within-an-army into order is seen in many a passage in his letters. Quite early he writes:

My Guides have gained for themselves and for me a good name in the British camp. All the Engineers send for Guides as an escort, when reconnoitring, in preference to regular cavalry. Only think, when I was on duty elsewhere one day, sixty-six of my men rode slap through and through ten times their number in the hope of recovering some camels which the Sikhs had driven off from General Whish's camp. They did not get the camels, but covered themselves with glory in the presence of the whole army.

Lumsden's life with his Guides was one of the greatest activity. He raced about the Punjab, administering law and fighting law-breakers. The whole country was unsettled, and the man at the plough had his matchlock handy, and the cattle of a village went to graze under an armed escort. We make no attempt to give Lumsden's activities their political and military setting. It suffices to remind the reader that they had their part in the early settling of the North-West Frontier under Lawrence and Campbell. The Guides were a small force, but their brains told in every conflict; and in a letter to Lieutenant G. J. Younghusband of the Guides, written only a few



years ago, Sir Harry tells how in one attack on an armed Sikh village it was not might, but "swagger," that "did the trick." This was often the case; the force had its own clever methods, and it was one of Sir Harry's regrets in his retirement at Belhelvie that the separateness and distinction of the "Guides" has been largely lost, and its duties assimilated to those of the frontier force in general. Whatever may be said for or against this change, the Guides regiment remains Sir Harry Lumsden's living and palpitating monument; and the story of its raising and education is one of the most vital chapters in Indian military history.

"Joe" Lumsden persistently declined political advancement, and military advancement was strangely withheld from him. Lord Roberts has declared that he never understood why Lumsden was not given the command of the frontier force. As it was, the creator of the Guides settled on his Aberdeen estate, where he flew his hawks and cast his flies with great contentment, though with fits of wistfulness and longing when he heard the East "a-callin'," and realised that a generation had arisen in India that "knew not Joseph." A well-rounded career, at least, was his; and this its record is both heartening and instructive.

### In Favour of Toads and Frogs.

*The Tailless Batrachians of Europe.* By G. A. Boulenger. (The Ray Society.)

THE Ray Society, instituted to publish works too exclusively scientific to be undertaken by ordinary publishers, has issued since 1844 volumes by Darwin, Huxley, and Agassiz, by Dr. Carpenter, Prof. W. K. Parker, Prof. Allman, and many others. Second to none of these is *The Tailless Batrachians of Europe*, by G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., two parts of which have successively appeared in the fifty-third and fifty-fourth years of the Ray Society's existence. Frogs and toads, which constitute the order of "Tailless Batrachians," may not seem attractive animals to many persons, nevertheless they constitute a group of exceeding interest. Their organisation is very exceptional and their development from other antecedent forms of life is by no means clearly indicated. As yet their fossil remains have not been found below the lowest Miocene Tertiary strata. There they suddenly make their appearance as if they had leaped, fully formed, into life, which, of course, they never did. The intermediate forms have simply become extinct.

But the frog is not only zoologically interesting, it has been most useful to us men, and may be called the martyr of science, experiments made on its nervous system having been of great importance to physiology and so to medical science.

The toad is commonly thought an ugly animal, but familiarity with it will breed not contempt, but appreciation. Mr. Boulenger tells us that

its intelligence is greater than that of any other Batrachian; in captivity it soon accommodates itself to its surroundings, understands that a glass partition is an obstacle, and, placed on a table, will not attempt to jump off, while a frog will not hesitate to take a leap from a fifth story balcony. It is therefore easily tamed, answering the call of its master to take food from the hand, or flattening itself down to let him stroke its back.

Mr. Boulenger's work is most complete, and the Introduction gives so full and careful an account of the anatomy, physiology, developments (with metamorphosis), habits, and geographical distribution of the species described, that it is quite well-fitted to serve a beginner as an introduction to the science of zoology. The species which inhabit Europe are represented in coloured plates, both the adult forms and their tadpoles. There are also six folding

plates, representing the geographical distribution of all the species, and a multitude of woodcuts depicting points of external and internal structure, and also the attitudes assumed in pairing, which are very characteristic and peculiar. In England only four species are found, and of these the edible frog (found only in the Eastern counties) has probably been introduced by man. Ireland is inhabited by the common frog alone.

The beautiful little tree-frog, though a stranger to us, is found as far North as Denmark and Southern Sweden, and ranges from Japan to Morocco and the Canaries. All male European Batrachians can produce more or less loud sounds, in which some species are aided by one or two external vocal sacs behind the mouth. The midwife toad will emit in the evening a clear, whistling note like a little bell, or a chime when produced by many. Most species croak, and the loudest croakers are the tree-frog and the edible frog, which has thus gained for itself in our Eastern counties the name of the "Cambridgeshire Nightingale." In Southern Europe the tree-frogs when they are numerous make a noise which is simply deafening, and audible miles away.

From the warty skin of the toad, and especially a prominent gland behind each eye, the animal can exude a viscid, milky fluid, which is so irritating that a dog will rarely seize the creature a second time. When on a collecting excursion with a dog the Hungarian naturalist Méhely found a large toad under a stone,

The dog seized it, but immediately let it go with signs of great repulsion; the toad had instantly become covered with a thick white secretion. The dog approached it once more, and then withdrew, sneezing, howling, and rubbing its foaming mouth on the grass. After a few minutes the dog was seized with convulsions, and had to be carried home. On the next day it had a swollen mouth and burning nose. It did not completely recover until the following day.

Mr. Boulenger gives a very interesting and full account of the geographical distribution of these animals, and at the end of the work is a most complete bibliographical index. Indeed, there is no department of knowledge about these animals wanting in this work, which is addressed not only to experts, but also to all persons with any real interest in zoology and in the natural history of their own country.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

### Other New Books.

GREATER WESTMINSTER. BY G. P. WARNER TERRY.

It is a pity that this history of Greater Westminster has the outward look of a sea-side blotting-pad. For between these misleading covers we find much grave matter of value to students and municipal reformers. The timeliness of Mr. Terry's book, which has run serially through the *London Argus*, is obvious. It is more to the point to say that timeliness and haste have here no connexion. Mr. Terry is the Vestry Clerk of St. Margaret, Westminster, and to his task of tracing the rise and boundary-making of the old city he has brought a conscientious industry. He has also had the advantage of access to original documents, some of which are reproduced in facsimile, while many good illustrations are transferred from the *London Argus*.

The royal city of Westminster was born in the tenth century, and it perished of fatty degeneration of the heart in 1855. By that time it included so many boards and beadles and commissioners and committee men that good administration was impossible. In the Strand no fewer than nine paving boards presided over the roadway between Northumberland House and Temple Bar. The crash came when Sir Benjamin Hall's Metropolis Local Management Act divided Westminster up into five administrative

districts. Then it was that Westminster ceased to cast out its shoe over Covent Garden and St. George's, Hanover-square, and the Savoy Precinct, and other goodly parts of London. But although the royal city was cut up, it remained whole; and though its Corporation ceased to live, it did not die. Asleep in his civic chair sits the High Steward of Westminster, and sleeping with him are the Deputy High Steward, and the Town Clerk, and the High Constable, and the Mace-bearer. "It is doubtful," sighs Mr. Terry, "whether there are still a Clerk of the Markets and a Searcher of the Sanctuary." Doubtful—and the fairy Prince at the door! The awakening is near; the Burgesses, no doubt, will swear "with many words, 'twas but an after-dinner's nap," and the new Lord Mayor "dally with his golden chain." And now we think of it, perhaps the giddy garb of Mr. Terry's treatise is donned for the fête. (*London Argus Office*. 1s.)

DANTE.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D.

Sooner or later every work is finding its way into paper covers at sixpence, or leather covers at three sixpences. Messrs. Isbister have now added the *Divina Commedia* and *Canzoniere* of Dante to the portable classics in the translation of the late Dean Plumptre. The work is to be complete in five volumes, of which the first two are ready. They are issued in soft plum-coloured leather, and have on the back the tortured lettering which now passes for good taste. Except for this blemish the little books are charming. (Isbister. 2s. 6d. per vol.)

BIBLE CHARACTERS.

BY ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.

This is Mr. Whyte's third series of "Bible Characters." The first extended from Adam to Achan, the second from Gideon to Absalom. The third begins with Ahithophel and ends with Nehemiah. The breezy, penetrating treatment which was so conspicuous in the first two series is here also. Mr. Whyte does the Old Testament no dishonour by his frank common-sense handling of characters which, just because they are in the Old Testament, many people fail to study in a direct and masculine way. His method is seen in the first paragraph of this book:

I am not going to whitewash and rehabilitate Ahithophel. I am neither to extenuate nor am I to denounce Ahithophel. I shall put myself back into Ahithophel's place, and I shall speak of Ahithophel as I see and feel Ahithophel to have been. I shall do my best to put myself first into Ahithophel's place, and then into David's place, and then I shall tell you exactly and honestly what I see and what I feel, first as to Ahithophel, and then as to David. But to begin with, who was Ahithophel, and what were the facts?

In this spirit each character is grappled with, and one has only to turn these pages to approve the results. Mephibosheth's moroseness and ingratitude, Barzillai's "truly Highland courtesy" and "Highland hospitality," Jeremiah's "exquisite sensibility of soul," Daniel's "note of birth and breeding," Ezra's "commanding and contagious prayers"—these and a hundred other traits are distinguished and expanded. A book that should find its grateful readers. (Olipphant Anderson, & Ferrier. 3s. 6d.)

EDEN VERSUS WHISTLER: THE BARONET AND THE BUTTERFLY.

This is a petty performance. It is melancholy to see so much wit expended upon so poor a business; it is more melancholy to find a great artist descending to such paltriness. (Paris: L. H. May.)

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT. BY CANON MACCOLL.

Canon MacColl introduces his examination of the questions with which the Established Church is aflame with a letter to that doughty champion of State ascendancy, Sir William Harcourt. The two men are well matched;

they are both hard hitters; they are abundantly convinced; and they are equally masters of an abrupt, virile style of appeal that is admirably adapted to compel assent from a public whose ignorance of the matter in hand is matched by the lukewarmness of its real interest. Mr. MacColl's book covers all the questions at issue. The extreme Ritualists will probably judge the Canon's version of the Anglican teaching on Purgatory and the Mass to fall short of the fulness of the faith; and Roman Catholics will be surprised to learn that the bishops of Elizabeth's creation were invited to assist at the Council of Trent, especially as the author—owing, perhaps, to the haste with which the book has been written—has omitted the circumstance that such an invitation was extended also to the heads of Continental Reformed communities, and with a like limitation, that they might take no part in framing the decrees. But everyone must be interested in the author's deliberate opinion that the average clergyman, let him loose in the world of journalism, is good for £800 a year. (Longmans.)

THE BRITISH ANTHOLOGY. EDITED BY EDWARD ARBER.

This is the beginning of the great task which Prof. Arber has set himself—to present in ten volumes the British Anthology. The whole series is designed to contain about 2,500 poems and songs of all kinds. The three volumes now before us are published out of their chronological order. Properly, the first should be *The Dunbar Anthology* (1401-1508), the second *The Surrey and Wyatt Anthology* (1509-1547), the third *The Spenser Anthology* (1548-1591). Mr. Frowde has chosen to begin with *The Shakespeare Anthology* (1592-1616), *The Jonson Anthology* (1617-1637), and *The Milton Anthology* (1638-1674). The volumes in each case open with selections from the works of the title poet, and pass on to his contemporaries. Thus Milton, in his own volume, is represented by three sonnets—"Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso"—and then two more sonnets. And he is then found again in the centre of *The Jonson Anthology*, with "Song on May Morning," "On Shakespeare," "At a Solemn Music," and The Nativity poem and hymn. This double appearance is confusing. The work seems to be intended to appeal rather to the general reader than the scholar. We may return to it when the ten volumes are complete and give it detailed criticism. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. each.)

## Fiction.

### Silver-Point Realism.

*The Awkward Age*. By Henry James. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. HENRY JAMES is the wonderful artistic outcome of our national habit of repression. He has learned how to make repression a factor of art instead of an impediment. To all real things, even those over whose discomfort Sir Francis Jeune presides, belongs an infinite variety of words and gestures whose presence in a publication "there's none to dispute." But they are legible, and, emanating from the things themselves, they witness uncompromisingly to their existence. For the art of Mr. James such words and gestures are enough. Nay, holding aloof as he does, yet without affectation of prudery, from the frank image of an act-in-itself, and dwelling with the thought behind it, he presents a more significant idea of both thinker and doer than were otherwise to be obtained. *The Awkward Age* is a complex illustration of his method. It is an urban drama of that fast life which, perhaps as a result of its "fastness," produces an atrophying cleverness that has learned to anticipate naïf opinion of its depravity. The



members of the little West-end circle, on whose affinity with US Mr. James seems with astonishing affability to calculate, vie with one another in their appreciation of the old-world chivalrous gentleman who sits like a bewildered stranger at their feasts. They have arrived at the point when everything exists as it is conceived to exist. It is not with the eyes of backbiters, but of psychologists, for instance, that they read elopement in Lady Fanny's eyes. In the anticipatory relish of what, for convenience, we will call "sins" they are such epicures that the sin itself, the act-in-being, would be anti-climax. So we ourselves thought as we read through what the plain but polite Briton will consider a masterpiece of ambiguity. We did not want to know if Lady Fanny eloped with her Captain, or if Vanderbank committed adultery with Mrs. Brookenham. The malaria of their atmosphere was accounted for by that delay in accomplishment which means the incessant re-creation of the same fact on the mental plane. The author gains his effect with the minimum of the kind of information which furnishes a newspaper. He knows it is not necessary for things to happen in the sense of making a noise or a rustle.

The story is a sad one, for it traces the gradual development of a tragic sense of the atrophy of which we spoke in two of the only three generous natures with whom it deals. Mr. Longdon, seeing in Nanda the outward counterpart of the woman he had loved in his youth, would have done anything to unite her with the man she loved. But the latter, Vanderbank—he is a portrait worthy to stand by Sir Claude in *What Maisie Knew*—is incapable of the sacrifice which a combination of futures demands. He has lights and stirrings, he knows what it is to be dissatisfied, but he is too clever to be mastered by impulse. Moreover, he owes allegiance to the girl's mother—that allegiance which may or may not be prejudicial to Mr. Brookenham. With one of those splendid feats of audacity by which Mr. James turns a sudden glare on the lurking badness which he plays the showman to so debonnairely, he makes Nanda beseech Vanderbank not to desert her mother.

"Do stick to her. . . . I don't believe you thoroughly know how awfully she likes you. . . . I suppose it would be immodest if I were to say that I verily believe she's in love with you. Not, for that matter, that father would mind. . . . That's the only thing I want. When I think of her downstairs there so often nowadays, practically alone, I feel as if I could scarcely bear it. She's so fearfully young."

There are few who dare write such a passage, or venture a pathos so supreme bordering on a vulgarity so abject. In achieving Nanda Mr. James has given us a veritable child of the age. But the "awkward age"? It is not very easy to see where that comes in, except that it was awkward for Mrs. Brookenham to own in public a child of nineteen. As for Mrs. Brookenham she is marvellous; her talk radiates the subtlest shafts of femininity. Not less, however, does she emanate a deadliness to which even the lightest of us may accord a shudder, and incline to accept the last irony which leaves no shelter for Nanda from the miasm of polite corruption, save with one who had loved her grandmother and would fain have married her to another man. Let it be added that the style of this study of life is delicate and incisive as of old. The words are picked, but not with gloves: they hold the distinctive nuances which the refusal to use slang confers on words of ancestry on the lips of ladies and gentlemen. Here and there a wonderful bluntness is allowed. One feels it was heard in the soul—is authentic. Charming bits of landscape, alluring glimpses of a sweeter life, occur as occasion arises. Yes, the book is another "Henry James." Let us thank the proprietries, the conventions of this land, the genius of repression, which have created that need for a new realism, delicate as a silver-point, to which his works make so satisfying a response.

## Cruel To Be Kind.

*Anno Mauleverer.* By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota"). (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

FROM the point of view of mere craftsmanship the defects of this novel are many—very many. No reader who has ever studied the nature and beauty of the English language can read a single page of it without wincing. Most English readers, however, know little and care less about the use of their own tongue. If a writer has anything to say, that something will be accepted just as readily in its first form of rough ore as if it had been shaped and polished into a jewel of art; but even in England it is the jewels that endure and are preserved. It is impossible to suppose that *Anno Mauleverer* will endure.

Mrs. Caffyn has always appeared to write with culpable carelessness: this time she sets us wondering whether even the most laborious care could make her a good literary workman. Again and again there are sentences and constructions that would be surely impossible to any person possessing even the rudiments of literary taste—blots which are to her work what aniline mauves and magentas would be to the colouring of a portrait. She uses words without apparent regard to their values, their associations, their social status, or even their precise significance; she strings clause after clause upon an unhappy sentence until the meaning and the grammar are alike lost in a sheer tangle of knots; her narrative is loose, awkward, and at times confusing. All these things, bad as they are, are curable, though in Mrs. Caffyn's case it is no rash prophecy to say that they never will be cured; but when an author, after years of industrious work, shows no sign of an ear for the melodies that make English prose no less than English verse, then it seems sadly improbable that she can ever teach herself, or be taught, to become even a second-rate literary artist. Such a sentence as this (taken almost at random), from p. 249 of her sixth book, is, to say the least, unhelpful:

In her own way, an elusive, non-insistent way, which, however, many men remembered, and often to their cost, Anne was steadily and consecutively breaking the road to this goal, although, so far, John hadn't a notion whitherward he was being bent, or, indeed, that he was being bent at all, least of all by Anne, whose want of balance, more especially in the matter of the Jesuit priest, was just now affording him matter for grave uneasiness.

Yet if we were to conclude that a book written in such a style must be worthless we should be wrong. In the substance, the matter, the informing idea of *Anno Mauleverer*, there is nothing poor, careless, or second-rate. Mrs. Caffyn possesses the best kind of penetration—the penetration which sees the depths beneath the commonplace, and her powers of characterisation are remarkable. Not even the faultiness of the execution has been able to spoil the masterly conception of Anne herself. If Mrs. Caffyn had been a French instead of an English writer—if, that is to say, she had lived under a high and stern standard of workmanship—*Anno Mauleverer* might have been, as it ought to be, not merely a fine, but a great novel; as it stands, it is not even fine. It needs rewriting by some journeyman who knows the trade of literature. No imagination would be required of him, and no creative originality—these are here already—but he must have an ear, and some little feeling for the shape, the character, and the historical continuity of his language. When he had done with it, *Anno Mauleverer* would be a noble work of art. As it is, it is a lump of rough ore.

"If I, in my own person and daily walk, quietly resist heaviness of custom, coldness of hope, timidity of faith, then without wishing, contriving, or even knowing it, I am a light silently drawing as many as have vision and are fit to walk in the same path."

John Morley, in "Essay on Emerson."



## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## TALES OF NORTHUMBRIA.

BY HOWARD PEASE.

Mr. Pease's Northumbrian stories have taken their own honourable place in the fiction of localities. In an interesting preface to these fourteen new ones Mr. Pease notes many changes in Northumbria, but he is bold to write: "Still, in the northern blood, the heritage of the 'raid' and the 'foray' abides, and still, as of old, are the children of the Borderland nursed by the keen wind of the moorland and the sea. 'Hard and heather-bred' ran the ancient North Tyne slogan; 'Hard and heather-bred—yet—yet—yet.'" (Methuen. 6s.)

## THE VIBART AFFAIR.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

Another of this agile author's brisk melodramas. In the first chapter a young barrister defends a husband who had murderously attacked a drunken wife. The young barrister himself has a drunken wife, and is in love with another woman. On returning home he finds his wife in one of her worst stupors. "'Dead! He would be free!' something seemed to whisper to him . . ." And the drama has begun. (Pearson. 6s.)

## MR. PASSINGHAM.

BY THOMAS COBB.

A very amusing Society story, starting from the point when Lady Dewhurst calls in Mr. Passingham, M.P., to aid her in breaking off her son's engagement to Zelig Trenchard. No one knows the Trenchards except the Fairbairns, "a very poor recommendation" in Lady Dewhurst's eyes. Passingham's good offices take an unexpected turn; and dialogue flows brightly through all. (Lane. 6s.)

## A SON OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

Mr. Barry is an Australian writer and the author of *Steve Brown's Bunyip*. Here he tells the story of Torre Leigh and his progress from ship to ship all over the world. A salt, vigorous tale of a mariner's life, with glimpses of bush life thrown in and soft visions of the South Sea Islands. (Duckworth. 6s.)

## "GOD SAVE ENGLAND!"

BY FREDERIC BRETON.

Being "The story told by Gervase Alard, Baron of the Cinque Ports, to refute certain calumnies." This new book, by the author of *True Heart*, is a romance of Winchelsea and Rye, love and fighting, French and English, in the fourteenth century, at the time men were preaching "the postils of Sire Wickcliffe and John Balle." (Richards. 6s.)

## THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

"Overheard by Cosmo Hamilton" is the exact phrase on the title-page, and the dedication is "To Patty, dearest under the sun." On the first page we meet a bull-pup named Gargantua and a lazy modern named Richard Mobsby. On the last page Patty says: "Dick, dearest, dearest, dearest," and Gargantua forgets he is a philosopher. Between is much amusing flippancy. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

## A COUNTY SCANDAL.

BY F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

There is nothing lurid or very unpleasant in this story, despite its title. The action is gentle, and the "scandal," which turns on money matters, does but obstruct in order to sauce the coming together of two lovers. A very pleasant tale. (Macqueen. 6s.)

## THE COMMON LOT.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

Miss Sergeant's new story tells how Ursula "avowed herself the happiest woman that ever lived, and all the happier since she had merged her ambition and her independence in the acceptance of what she used to call, disdainfully, 'the Common Lot.'" (Melrose. 6s.)

## ON GOD'S LINES, &amp;c.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE.

These stories deal with mining life in Durham, and they bear the motto:

"And souls flash out like stars of God  
From the midnight of the mine."

Blackerton, the immediate scene of the various actions, is appalling at first sight. "My wife stood aghast when she looked at the long, evenly-built rows of colliers' cottages, at the great engine-rooms, the gigantic wheels, and the countless chimneys." (*Christian Commonwealth* Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.)

## BY CREEK AND GULLY.

EDITED BY LALA FISHER.

A collection of stories of Australian life, real and ideal, by colonials and pseudo-colonials, &c., among them Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. E. W. Hornung, Mr. Patchett Martin, Mr. Hume Nisbet, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Marriott Watson, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and "Iota." (Unwin. 6s.)

## THAT DUEL AT CHÂTEAU MARRINAC.

BY W. PULITZER.

Mr. Pulitzer once wrote a book called *Chess Harmonies*, and the duel in this story is fought out on a chess-board—the prize being a fair German beauty who had looked with equal favour on the two antagonists. A pleasant little effort. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MARQUISE.

BY MRS. LOWNDES.

"And what is the use of a book without conversations?" said Alice. This book is all conversations. It is bright and modern. It opens with three widows, and ends with two engagements and a marriage. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

## A LONG ROAD.

BY E. CONSTANCE.

One of the principal characters in this book is called Mortomroyd—which surely is the first appearance of the name in fiction. The heroine is Ella Wolriche, and in every page of the story we draw nearer to the time when she will become Ella Mortomroyd. Among the other personages is Mrs. Prue, an amusing Grundyan, who sincerely considered that not to be married stamps a girl as a social failure. A light, amusing novel. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## LALLY OF THE BRIGADE.

BY L. M'MANUS.

A story of the war of Spanish Succession and the part played therein by the Irish Brigade under Dillon and Bourke, and their valour against Prince Eugene at Cremona. Captain Lally himself tells the story with spirit and humour. It is not all fighting: love and astrology play their part too. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

## THE GREAT PIRATE SYNDICATE.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Another story of future warfare, a variant of Mr. Shiel's *Yellow Terror*. In the present case a wonderful explosive is used, against which all ironclads are powerless. It is the secret of the hero, who by its aid conquers the world for the Anglo-Saxon alliance. This is, of course, not all: there is the customary female and diplomatic element. New explosives can be very wearisome. (White. 3s. 6d.)

## MEG.

BY MAUDE CRAWFORD.

A novel of little happenings, little speeches, and little prettinesses. "'Here we are! Is our tea ready, mamma?' . . . Meg went downstairs with a dizzy, confused mixture of Jim Sparkes' buses, and chocolates whirling in her brain. . . . Molly, oblivious to all else, was deep in *Grimm's Fairy Tales*." (Macqueen. 6s.)

## THE SECRET OF LYNNDALE.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

This story opens in a venerable and useful way. Meg Wellington is travelling down to the Midlands to pay a visit to a family known to possess a scandal. A lady who has been dead three hundred years perambulates Lynndale whenever there is someone under the roof who is a disgrace to the family. A readable, melodramatic novel. (White. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates for Yearly Subscriptions ..... 21s. 8d., including postage.

## In the Key of Green.

IN facing, not the problems of life, but the world-hieroglyphics of beauty, I am constantly driven to ask myself: "What would Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or Wordsworth say?" I would know, not what is the right action, but what is the right word? A sunset, a seascape, a flower, an interior, will sometimes set the mind on the very verge of some escaping perfection of description. Thus, on entering my room one foggy evening, I met such an elusive challenge in its fire-lit density. The rich glow shone without illuminating; my shelves and books were dim with vague suggestion in an atmosphere thick with light. I fumbled for the word, the word that should match the impression; Mrs. Browning's "luminous round" lacked colour; Mr. Francis Thompson's "purpurate shine" was ugly; Mr. John Davidson's "ruddy varnish"—that was better—that gave the exact consistency of hue that flickered on my books.

But the fog which began to pour into my room—must I be compelled to define its colour by its most inappropriate resemblance to pea-soup? The comparison between city-stained mist and "soup of the evening, so rich and green," was, to say the least of it, ludicrous; and yet it was in fact this very green that prevented its inclusion in George Meredith's fine fog-parallel "the colour of old bruised fruits." I searched in vain among our extremely awkward colour-circumlocutions. Myrtle-green, olive-green, sage-green, peacock-green, apple-green, cabbage-green; none of these approached the special hue I wanted to define. And what remoteness of allusion they involved—what observation they pre-supposed! Bottle-green—how hideous! Sea-green—how vague! To hunt down the right colour-term would seem to require a unique gift of scent, and I began to wonder how our masters of language had, with such inadequate means, met the colour-problem. Poetry, of course, was full of exquisite colour. I glanced idly round my shelves, and felt, growing in my inner consciousness, a chord of green ranging from the palest to the richest tones. Shelley vanished where the green was almost indistinguishable from light, Chaucer shone from the freshest and middle belt, the shade was rich over Keats, and grew sombre with Wordsworth. By what methods had our poets evolved the green of literature? Into what radiant paint-pots had they dipped their brushes? What dainty devices of balance and contrast had they employed? I remembered J. A. Symonds's Excursion in the Key of Blue: what would poetry yield in the Key of Green—green, the colour of Life, in a far more extended sense than flesh-colour.

The crudest method of indicating shades of colour is to qualify one colour-term by another colour-term. Green being artificially manufactured by the mixture of blue and yellow, we find its shades roughly classified as blue-green and yellow-green. Such composite expressions are linked by the loosest of mechanical combinations: it requires a huge effort of will to fuse them into a single idea. At best they suggest a vague transition-stage of a most uncertain quantity. Yet poets have not scrupled to make use of such. Keats speaks of the sea as blue-green; J. A. Symonds, as grey-green; Mr. Gerald Massey gives sea-colour as rich purple-green—a severe tax on mental co-ordination. Since Browning has an olive-pale sea, one wonders what exact shade Mr. Swinburne's "sea-coloured marsh-

mosses" may be. Then Herrick's primrose is yellow-green—an adjective of constant employment in literature. Where gold and silver are used to qualify green colour, the fusion is easier, owing to the more permeating radiance of these metal hues. We get not only appositeness but illumination in Mr. John Davidson's "green-gold of the oak," and in Tennyson's poplar "all silver-green with gnarled bark."

Again, in common speech, shades of colour are often specialised by the use of such adjectives as light, dark; rich, dim; bright, pale. A long period of currency has worn the images of these somewhat thin, and it is rarely in poetry that much reliance is placed on their stress of emphasis. Walt Whitman, it is true, speaks of the lilac's "heart-shaped leaves of dark green"—but it is the shape rather than the colour that impresses our memory. In another passage he speaks of an oak's leaves of dark green: but notice the copiousness of imagination that links these leaves to Shakespeare's "tongues in trees":

I saw in Louisiana a live oak growing;  
Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous  
leaves of dark green.

This oak finds kinship, too—kinship of joy—with the sun-steeped oaks of mediæval romance. We read of oak leaves in the *Flower and the Leaf*:

That sprongen out agen the sunne shene  
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

O cheerfullest of colours! The dark leaves are joyous and the light leaves are glad. The author of "The Seasons" apostrophises green as "gay green!" saluting it curiously as "united light and shade." We read of "dim green depths," of "green, palid and sweet," of "bright green," of "deep green," and many another change that is rung on the degree of light and shade that enters into the colour-composition. But it is evident that no great weight is placed by masters of language on this sole method of description.

To produce a lively impression of colour it is not unusual to lay importance on purity of tone—on freedom from shadow of stain. *Fresh* and *new* are the adjectives which best fit this intention. Freshness is the idea which O. W. Holmes hunts after where he speaks of the poplar's "pillar of glossy green." The exquisiteness of the adjective *fresh* was discovered and exploited in mediæval times: *new* is our more modern and less adequate equivalent. In Chaucer his *Emilie* is "fresh": his daisies are "fresh": in "The Romaunt of the Rose" we read of the grass "so freshe of hewe." To-day the daisies are new—"The daisy's frill a wondrous newness wore." Green is new:

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean  
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath,  
Their broad curved branches fledged with clearest green  
New from its silken sheath.—Tennyson.

The different spirit in which colour is approached in different literary periods may be illustrated from three parallel passages, dealing with the grass. Chaucer writes of "the smale, softë, swetë gras." In "The Seasons" we read: "the vivid verdure runs And swells and deepens." Mr. Meredith gives us:

... The pine-forest dark  
Overbrowing an emerald chine  
Of the grass billows.

In the first, colour is taken for granted; we have absolute happiness of simplicity—a closeness to Nature that almost stirs tears. In the second, "a very supreme viridity or glory of greenness" is achieved by effort of language. In the third, what complexity of contrast, what flashing revelation! How mysterious and intense, how gorgeous and ornate, is the Nature of the nineteenth century! Some of our poets are not far short of the sublime intimacies of Chaucer; others find no stone too glorious for the building of Nature's temple—no fire for her altar too remote.



The description of Nature in terms of jewel-metaphor is a departure peculiar to this age. We seek in this manner to give our words both radiance and substance—the substance of seas and fields and trees, sun and moon-transfused. Our sunsets are built of diamond and alabaster; all the precious stones of *Revelations* shine in our sunrises; our moon-lit landscapes are cut out of pearls; we walk on emerald, and sail on jade. Emerald has, indeed, become a quite common cognomen for intense or luminous green. Have we not the Emerald Isle, with its shamrock

As softly green  
As emerald seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming?

Thomas Moore.

Does not Mr. Swinburne, in a phrase that recalls Spenser's "more white than snow," speak of sky-colour as being "greener than emerald"? Our woods hold hidden emerald—"A virgin wood discovered twilight gleams of emerald"; our seas are like "burning emerald"—nay, there is actually an emerald sky above us—

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
The ash and the acacia floating hang  
Tremulous and pale.—Shelley.

—which simile bears some remote analogy to the "green night," wherein the oranges hang like yellow lamps. Examples might, of course, be indefinitely multiplied; but to show how far astray we may be led in the pursuit of the word, we may give one grating instance from Mr. Gerald Massey, who speaks of the "emerald fingers" of the "arch laburnum."

Comparisons of natural objects to jade and beryl are more infrequent. Mr. John Davidson, who is a very careful colourist, gives us in his last volume:

A green isle like a beryl set  
In a wine-coloured sea.

We find a jade-parallel in Fiona Macleod. This writer takes a particular delight in colour-studies, and she has given us many elaborate and beautiful pictures. Her northern waters are every shade of green—"yellow-green," "emerald," "dark bottle-green," and the following passage is interesting as showing the extreme difficulty of specialising shades: "With his hand gripping the gunwale, he swayed for some time to and fro, fascinated by the lustrous green beneath the keel—green in the sunlit spaces as leaves of the lime in April, and in the lower, as emerald lapsing into jade, and then as jade passing into the gloom of the pines at dark."

Despite the marvellous accuracy and life of colour in the above, we feel that an over-minutiae of detail somewhat interferes with breadth of achievement. We detect just the faintest suspicion of midnight oil. There is more of nature and of charm in the simplest unstudied description: in "green secluded vales," in "farms green to the very door," in the "green world" of the daffodils. And, indeed, the secret of colour-definition seems to consist in flashing back upon the adjective of colour some vitality or illumination from the noun it qualifies. The later James Thomson speaks of spring leaves as "green flames"—"green flames wave lightly everywhere." Celts call the sap in the leaves "green fire." Oh, mighty rightness of words—the heart thrills to remember them! "Green wind from the green-gold branches"—how mystic and wonderful! "Green fountains, weeping willows"—how pregnant with imagery! It is impossible to foresee of what magic and extension this method is capable. Think of Mr. W. E. Henley's "The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams"; think of Mr. William Watson's "green heart of the waters"; recall Mr. Swinburne's magnificent metaphor:

The sea's green garden-bed,  
Which tempests till and sea winds turn and plough.

The final and most wonderful way of all is to suggest colour, not only without qualifying its shades, but without naming it. As the observation of nature becomes closer and more general, and the knowledge of colour more accurate, the special hue of tree and herb will be merely implied, and more delicate distinctions dwelt upon. Our earliest poets instinctively used this method. In some of the most exquisite nature poems of recent years the word "green" is omitted altogether; yet they are permeated by the sensation of green, sun-steeped or rich in shade. "The Nympholept" is full of green; you feel an almost tangible greenness in these lines of Mr. Watson's:

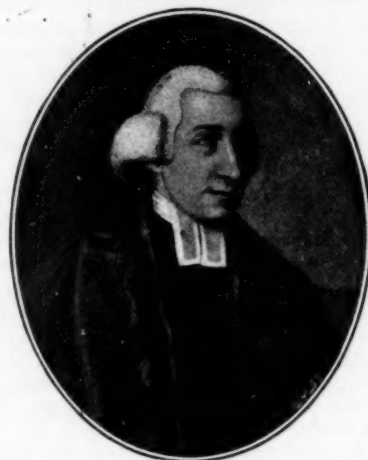
Hoarding the cool and leafy silentness  
In many an unsunned hollow or hid recess.

The deer that is pursued of the hunters becomes ever less obvious of characteristic—more radiant and elusive—and it leads us on, ever and further, into the thickets of a more exquisite unknown.

E. W.

## A Schoolboy's Diary.

In the May number of the *Gospel Magazine*—a number entirely devoted to the honour of Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of the hymn "Rock of Ages"—will be found extracts from a diary kept by the divine when a



THE AUTHOR OF "ROCK OF AGES."

boy at Westminster School. A more curious document it has rarely been our lot to read.

One of the first entries states that on Shrove Tuesday, 1751, when the boy was ten and a half (he was born in November, 1740), he wrote another sermon, bringing his total of original sermons to four. Here is a mixed extract from 1752:

My aunt gave me a large black box to keep my writings in. I make vast progress in my book, and have vigorously and industriously endeavoured to do my tasks well. I always pray to my God as I go to my school.—My aunt gave me a seal. My dear mamma gave me a pulpit cloth of white all-a-piece, laced with a broad gold lace.—I always love God, and endeavour to cast away all impurity and all sin whatever. When I was a very little boy I found a pocket-book with clasps, purse, and hinges of solid silver. Before I went to Deptford I had bought out of own money a large strong bookcase, in 1751.

In March he wrote a manual of prayers. Also, the diarist being ill, "my mamma provided me with everything needful, like a kind indulgent parent as she is." On April 7 his mamma told him that he was "as good to her as ten children." He adds the text of the prayers which



he was accustomed to offer on the way to school, at school, and on the way home. On April 11:

My dear mamma, having heard my prayers, cried tears for joy, and said that she hoped I should never leave the right road; and bid me beware cautiously of sin, that God's heavenly grace might be with me. Having thought of some graces I should practise should I survive her: First, I must beware of impatience, that is, murmuring at her death, and despairing of God's lifting me up again; therefore I must keep a heart of thanksgiving and faith: thanksgiving, in praising Him for sparing the life of mamma so long as to instruct me in the right paths; and faith, in reliance on His good providence that He will mercifully assist me, and give me the comfort of His upholding consolations.

On May 16:

I hear that my grandmamma said that my mother would bring me up a scourge to herself. This is the love of my grandmother, who before my face pretended kindness, but behind my back could stab me, by taking away my reputation with my mother. I went to my uncle Jack's: he never asked me to sit down (*very rude*).

But worse is to come from Uncle Jack. Aunt Betsey was also a scourge to the boy, and we find him continually affronted by her. Thus on July 15: "Went to Aunt Betsey's, who set forward a most dreadful quarrel, calling me names, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. . . . Mamma made it up." On another occasion he "received a most abusive letter from Aunt Betsey."

This is a birthday entry:

I am now arrived at the age of eleven years—namely, Nov. 4th, 1752. I praise God I can remember no dreadful crime; and not to me but to the Lord be the glory. Amen. It is now past eight o'clock, and now I think fit to withdraw, but yet my heart is so full of divine and holy raptures, that a sheet of paper could not contain my writings.

On August 15 he records that during the year Coke (the evil son of a Justice of Peace) and several others have "popt off." And now for a difficulty with Uncle Jack, concerning those precocious sermons:

I carried two or three of my sermons to show to my cousin Kitty, as she had often desired me: my uncle took hold of them, and read part of one, and asked: "who's I got them out of?" I told him nobody. He shook his head, and said, "he knew what children can do before now." I still urged that I really did not take them out of anyone, but they were my own. He bid me hold my tongue, and not make it worse by denying it. "You cannot persuade beyond my senses; you know they are not yours, for you have taken them out of Bishop Andrews" (a fine bishop, truly, to make no better sermons than these!). He went on, "If you were my boy I would flay you alive" (a fine friendly expression from an own uncle!) "for doing such things and fetch the truth out of you." "Sir," says I, "it hath been the great care of my mamma, who hath laboured with me night and day, to avoid lying. I hope I scorn it, and I am sure I do in this particular." Well," says he, "I have no business with it."

The year 1753 began unfavourably. On January 27 his Aunt Betsey sent for him, flew at him, and beat him sadly. On the 31st his mamma was in "a very ill temper"; and on February 13 in "a most terrible temper." Aunt Betsey, however, improved: "March 4th.—A whole holiday; preached a sermon before my Aunt, on Isaiah, 16, 17 verses. She gave me a shilling." On March 10 he had a "rash bad hard slap" from his usher. April 29:

The prayer I said on the last day of April: "Most benevolent Lord of all things, who governs Thy chosen servants with the sceptre of mercy; look on me, O my Lord and my God; dispose my heart every way to what is strictly just and pious; guide me with thy Holy Spirit, so that I may spend the approaching month in equity and purity. Grant, O most merciful Father, that no accident

nor casualty may happen to me this new month, but protect and keep me, O God of my salvation. Amen."

This is the next entry, with a welcome little touch of boyishness at the end of it:

May 6th.—Went to the Presbyterian meeting house, but I had enough of it. Oh the beauty there is in the religion which is established (among us); so sweet a liturgy creates devotion in every breast. My aunt gave me a great hunk of cake.

On May 15 he records an escape from drowning the year before. He had been seized by cramp, and would have sunk but for some rushes. "Bob Trimmer told me if I had been drowned he would have got me out. Said I, 'I thank you, but it would have done me more good if you had got me out while I was alive; afterwards my friends could have got me out.'"

In September Aunt Betsey had a relapse. The entry for the 2nd says:

Went to Aunt Betsey's. She is quite out of the way. She is so vastly quarrelsome; in short, she is so fractious and captious and insolent that she is unfit for human society. Read the Bible; mamma one chapter and I another; and read also the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Poor mamma is a little out of temper.

On the 8th there is this perfect expression of candour:

Mrs. Stapleton came to our house, whom I treated with a pot of my plum jam. If I had known she would have taken it I would not have offered it to her.

On the 15th he collected some of his old prayers together. On the 16th, the last day of the holidays, he prayed a good while. And then comes a surprise: "October 8th.—Sat up late about my farce, which I intend to show Mr. Garrick, master of Drury Lane Playhouse. It is called 'Cyorone.'" Of the fate of the farce we are not told, but in December he carried an entertainment of his own making, called "The Shepherds' Dispute, or Rural Queen," told in verse, to Mr. Garrick, and was told to call again with it. Finally here are two entries:

Nov. 29th.—Lord Norris promised me to go with him to see the lottery drawn to-morrow.

Nov. 30th.—Was dressed on purpose to go with the dishonourable Norris till twelve o'clock, who promised to be at our house by nine. Fate defend me from such noblemen.

Unfortunately, the whole document is not printed. Toplady, although he was not conspicuous for humour, must have smiled in after life at these early confessions.

Toplady, we might add in conclusion, was editor of the *Gospel Magazine* in 1775-6, and it was to its pages that he contributed "Rock of Ages." His remains (recently brought to light during the excavations for the new church on the site of Whitefield's Tabernacle in the Tottenham-court-road) have been re-interred in the foundations of that building, beneath the floor of a large room, to which the name Toplady Hall has been given.

### The Oak and the Willow.

An oak and a willow grew by a stream, and they quarrelled as to which was the greater and more useful; but no one could decide.

A poet came and praised the oak, but he sat in the shade of the willow; a painter made a picture of the willow from beneath the oak. In time both were cut down. The best of the willow made a cradle, the best of the oak a coffin.

And now who will decide?

## Was Bacon a Poet?

MR. SIDNEY LEE will not, we hope, rank us as touched with that Baconian craze, in the quite superfluous criticism of which he spends so much of his valuable time, if we suggest to him some qualification of his statement that Bacon was not a poet. It is true that the only poetry published under the philosopher's name in his lifetime was a small volume of paraphrases from the Psalms made in his sickness. These are not much: but they have a sober dignity of their own: and what more can you say of Milton's paraphrases from the Psalms, or Vaughan's or Sidney's, and Sidney's sister's—excellent or tolerable poets all? Bacon must, however, have written much more poetry than this; for there are references to him as a poet, both by his contemporaries—George Wither, for example—and in his own letters. In one place he certainly seems to include himself among "concealed poets." On this the Baconians put their own interpretation. Probably what it does mean is, that he wrote verse for the delectation of his private friends, which was given to the world, if at all, only under the veil of anonymity. To be a poet has often been thought slightly disreputable for a budding statesman. Who shall say, then, how often the *Ignoto* of the Elizabethan miscellanies conceals the identity of the author of the *Novum Organum*? Fortunately two copies of verses have come down to us which bear, on fairly good authority, Bacon's signature; and these we print, in order that readers of the ACADEMY may decide for themselves on Bacon's claim to be called a poet.

### I.

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man  
Less than a span:  
In his conception wretched, from the womb,  
So to the tomb;  
Curs'd from his cradle, and brought up to years  
With cares and fears.  
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.  
Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppress'd,  
What life is best?  
Courts are but only superficial schools  
To dandle fools:  
The rural parts are turned into a den  
Of savage men:  
And where's a city from foul vice so free,  
But may be termed the worst of all the three?  
Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
Or pains his head:  
Those that live single, take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse:  
Some would have children: those that have them, moan  
Or wish them gone:  
What is it then, to have, or have no wife,  
But single thralldom, or a double strife?  
Our own affections still at home to please  
Is a disease:  
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
Peril and toil:  
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,  
We are worse in peace;—  
What then remains, but that we still should cry  
For being born, or, being born, to die?

### II.

The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds and thoughts of vanity;  
That man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes can not delude, nor fortune discontent;  
That man needs neither tower nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.  
He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep and terrors of the skies.  
Thus, scorning all the care that fate or fortune brings,  
He makes the heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things,  
Good thoughts his only friends, his wealth a well-spent age;  
The earth his sober inn,—a quiet pilgrimage.

Our own notion is, that this is by no means despicable poetry. It is not a bit like Shakespeare's, of course; but it has vigour of expression as well as elevation of sentiment. In particular, the second piece has some uncommonly fine lines, and fairly ranks with the other classical poems on the same theme, with Wotton's "How happy is he born and taught," Herbert's "Constancy," Vaughan's "Righteousness," and Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior."

## Things Seen.

### A Child I Knew.

HE was disciplined in the nursery, petted in the drawing-room, and silently adored in the school-room. There the young governess taught the elder brothers (themselves barely in sight of their teens) and there the little four-year-old boy alighted for a serious half-hour every day. He was told Bible-stories and played (under cunning guidance) with ivory letters. He wore a white sailor-suit, with a large square blue collar down his back for the curls to rest on. Short white socks nestled against his brown legs. His skin was brown, his hair browner, and his eyes brownest of all. He was too pretty to be put on a far-off chair, so he sat astride on the governess's knee and smiled at her closely—and asked questions such as, "Where does God live?"

"Up above the sky," was the conventional answer, "and one day we shall go there too."

"But how shall we be able to climb up?"

"God will help us."

Then (really puzzled and practical): "But how shall we take our boxes?"

"We sha'n't need any boxes."

"But what shall we do for clothes?"

The startling reply: "We shall need no clothes," silenced the prattling tongue. The child's eyes fell. He had caught a glimpse of Modesty.

He liked stories about heroes, and his whole face glowed as he heard of deeds of courage and adventure. His heart leaped out towards a hero, and eagerly he would ask: "Is he dead?" "Yes, long, long ago," the governess would answer with mixed amusement and regret. The radiant face would darken and the sparkle seemed to fade from the eyes. He had caught the first glimpse of Death.

That question was asked more hesitatingly as the weeks went on. At last he seemed to understand that all great and good people were dead. He had learned Acquiescence.

### A Critic of Literature.

I WAS staying at Bwlch-fyllin, a village in a corner of Wales. The landlord of the inn, though a native of the place, had spent some years in Liverpool, and posed as a man acquainted with the wider world. In the evening as we chatted he said to me: "I should judge, sir, that you had read a good deal; now, what would you think of the writings of Parry?" I knew Parry as a delineator of Welsh rustic life and character; my questioner was watching me with great curiosity, so I gave a very guarded reply, intimating that I would prefer to have the opinion of an intelligent Welshman as to the qualifications of the novelist in question. The landlord's face assumed a judicial air, and he said: "Perhaps you are aware that Parry places his stories in the little village of Llankirrie, an insignificant hamlet a few miles from here, and far less important. Now, since Parry has written of that one-horse little place,



visitors to this part of Wales have begun to stay at Llankirrie, instead of stopping here at Bwlch-fyllin. Of course, this makes a difference to my trade, but you must not think that for that reason I am biased against Parry's writings. Only I think that if a man is content to write about a miserable little hole like Llankirrie, he can't have anything to say worth reading."

Bwlch-fyllin is credited with 503 inhabitants, Llankirrie with 491.

### An Interlude.

A DULL, dry, sunless afternoon in a northern suburb. From my window I look in an idle moment across the way, where behind a hoarding a number of workmen are engaged with hod and trowel on a new block of flats.

All at once the scene is invaded by a brisk photographer with his apparatus, which he plants, with much circumstance, on a favourable patch of ground.

At last he is ready, and twenty men range themselves in front of the camera. Strange transformation! They are no longer workmen only, but *men* individualised—twenty different faces, some mobile, others rigid, many sheepish, and a few jaunty. They try attitudes, copy each other, are eager and excited. Every man confesses something of his history. They are men with mothers and habitations. I am conscious of their homes, their Sunday suits laid away, their pigeons and their politics. A wave of sympathy ripples over me as I survey These, who were automata, stand up as human beings, vital, uneasy, vain, and rather lovable. There is a sudden fixity in the crowd! Then the photographer is marching away almost before the men have shaken their eyelids, and soon twenty are bricklaying like one.

### Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

SINGULAR delusion of the relatives of an illustrious writer that the sweepings of his desk after death are necessarily of value! Some time ago M. Léon Daudet wrote a really interesting book about his father. In that it was to be presumed the son had reverentially gathered all that remained of Alphonse Daudet—all the fugitive notes and comments on life which, transmitted by the son's hand at such moment, had for us a pathetic significance. Now comes Mme. Daudet with a singularly dull and worthless volume, *Notes sur la Vie*—the sweepings, as I have called them, of her husband's desk. The book has no literary, human, or documentary *raison d'être*. It cannot even charitably be described as a pot-boiler, as we are not aware of any pot to boil. The vanity of such a publication is all the more inexplicable as Mme. Daudet is a lettered woman, and should be able to distinguish between what interests her through devotion and bereavement, and what can in decency claim public attention. This volume does not contain a single sentence worthy of Alphonse Daudet. It is all that we are accustomed to imagine that vivid and vital nature was not—dull, trivial, and vapid. Read these notes on London, and contrast them with Mme. Daudet's. These tell us nothing, are effaced and commonplace; even the visit to Mr. Meredith, which ought to have furnished such excellent copy to a writer like Daudet, is a bit of cheap and fugitive reporting. On the other hand, Mme. Daudet's *Notes sur Londres* was a piece of delicate impressionism of high artistic value. And the famous *Caravane*, of which Daudet prophesied so much! Ah, well, we need not regret that he died before it was completed. These opening pages are not of a nature to shorten our hours of sleep with longing. A drearier start could not well be conceived. Think of the lovely pages that have been written of Venice, and turn to

the feeble banalities here recorded! No, it was not fair to the Daudet we cherish to publish such worthless stuff. As for the philosophy of the Notes! Well, the *Petit Chose*, down in his dreadful school, might have drawn from his raw, unhappy youth precepts and proverbs as profound as these trivial utterances of age, only be sure he would have uttered them with far less pretentiousness, and on his infantine lips their freshness would have charmed us. Where, for instance, was the necessity for reprinting this remark, which Daudet has never ceased to weigh upon in every autobiographical volume—a fact we are as familiar with as we are with one of our own peculiarities:

What a marvellous machine for feeling I have been—above all, in my childhood! At a distance of so many years, certain streets of Nîmes, through which I have scarcely passed a few times—black, cool, narrow, smelling of spices; the druggist, Uncle David's house—return to me in a distant concordance, so vague of hour, of colour, of sky, of sound of bells, of exhalations of shops. Must I have been porous and penetrable; impressions, sensations to fill a lot of books, and all with the intensity of dreams.

This is his mood when he is subtle and cynical:

What we say, what we think, and what we write. Three conditions of the same plank, three aspects of the same fact. I say: "Madame is—a drab. All Paris has known her favours." [A free translation of the untranslatable!]. I think: "Where is the proof of my statement in these days of gossip, and universal and repercussed back-biting?" Having to write of this same person in a letter or an article, I write: "Charming woman, kind and intelligent, the honestest creature of the world." And yet I say I am not a liar!

*Villa Tranquille* is the new novel of M. André Theuriet. Ever since M. Bourget congratulated him in public on belonging to a land, M. Theuriet is rivetted to the mountains and provincial life. To peep into Paris, unless it be on his way to a railway-station, is to destroy the charm. The hero reverses the order of the hero of Boisfleury, also a mountain and provincial study. The latter started in Savoy, and went up to Touraine. Here Robert forsakes Touraine and goes down to Savoy. For the rest the atmosphere and life are the same. Annecy, boating excursions, mountain walks, parties, young people, gossip, slander, flirtation, and unhappy loves. The descriptive passages are pretty and winning, but the psychology is of a very conventional kind. A dreadful, detestable mother who ruins her son from spite; a beautiful, devoted, frail fair one to whom the son clings; a booby of a hero, and an amiable young girl. Without the landscape these would not go far.

M. Henri Rabusson gives us this week another study of a dreadful and detestable mother to match M. Theuriet's, only this one is not content to ruin her son from spite. Because he is a philanthropist, desires to benefit his workmen, and to marry a virtuous young girl not of his world, but of doubtful parentage, the hard and despotic mother has him locked up in a lunatic asylum. Where money and marriage are concerned, I can believe almost anything of the French bourgeoisie. There are practically no limits to the steps she would take to put a spoke in the wheel of generosity for the preservation of family fortune, no measures in her eyes too harsh to prevent an injudicious love-marriage. So *Griffes de Chimère* may possibly not be an exaggerated picture of an implacable bourgeoisie, who would prefer to have her sane son locked up in a lunatic asylum rather than free to marry a girl without a dowry, and give his workmen an interest beyond mere wage in his factories.

*Mon Régiment Russe*, by Art Roë, is an elevated study of military matters; refreshing, like an oasis in the desert, are these pages of dignified inspiration and delicate reverie.

H. L.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

MRS. BRYDGES WILLYAMS, who has given £5,000 to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, is, despite her Welsh name, a dweller in Cornwall and a member of the Jewish community. She is, in fact, a sister of Sir Edward Lawson. But her name has yet another association, the most interesting of all. A bearer of her name—the Mrs. Brydges Willyams of fifty years ago—made Disraeli very happy by opening a correspondence with him, and announcing that, in admiration for his brilliant achievements as a member, by descent of the Jewish race, she intended to leave him such of her fortune as was under her own control. It was a considerable sum, though not quite so large as public rumour said; and it came at a most opportune time to the politician, who never used politics to enrich himself. Lord Beaconsfield wrote to Mrs. Brydges Willyams while she lived a series of delightful letters of political and social gossip, which will no doubt be some day published; and when she died she was buried, by her own request, in the vault at Hughenden which was later to receive all that was mortal of her political hero and of Lady Beaconsfield.

APROPPOS of the Turner pictures at the Guildhall, the old tale of Turner's having assured Mr. Ruskin that he read meanings into his pictures has been again revived. Newspapers, as we know, have made a good deal of talking by reading meanings into the speeches of politicians—against the advice of Lord Rosebery—and there is nothing to prevent a spectator from importing as many interpretations as he likes into a landscape, whether in nature or on a canvas. But that Mr. Ruskin, knowing Turner as he did, should have attributed to him this, that, and the other intention is less than credible, only to be repudiated by the painter, is incredible. The people who tell the story show precisely that want of wit which they attributed to Mr. Ruskin; and as a matter of fact the supposed conversation between painter and critic is purely legendary. The story has been publicly repudiated by Mr. Ruskin in a footnote, and he has applied to it a word rarely found in his vocabulary—"vulgar."

AFTER all that has been written about the health of Leo XIII. by newspaper correspondents who went out to Rome to report his death and did not like to own their personal defeat to the ultimate extent, some interest attaches to a candid and close observer's disinterested opinion. Cardinal Vaughan, who has long known the Pope, and who has had several long audiences during his present stay in Rome, states in a private letter to a friend in London that he has been astonished at the Pope's vigour, both of mind and body, and that he has taken, to all appearances, a new and good lease of life. The Cardinal himself has been reading lately in the papers that he is to be the "favourite" at the next conclave, and, therefore, the next Pope. "What nonsense the newspapers do sometimes print" is the Cardinal's only comment on the much-telegraphed report.

AN invitation went forth last week to the students of the Schools of Art in London. It was a little poster, and it was youthfully and frankly headed "Desecration of St. Paul's." Unity of opinion seems as far off about even a headline as it is about the decoration of the dome, and Sir William Richmond may get all the comfort he can from the objection at once urged by one dilettante student who shied at the word "desecration" as too bold for presentation to a Dean. "I will not sign that, no gentleman could," he ventured. "We shall ask only artists," came the stifling retort. So the first blood was drawn in the home camp before the battle against the Dean began.

Thus has it been from the preface. So it will be to the end of the chapter—till the end, in this matter, let us hope, of the Dean and Chapter. The poster that began with "desecration" went on to arraign in round terms the vulgarity of the whole scheme of Sir William Richmond's so-called "decorations," and ended with an invitation to the various art schools of London to send representatives to a small preliminary meeting to be held last Saturday afternoon at 20, Fitzroy-square, W., the rooms of a student at the neighbouring Slade School, Mr. A. Rothenstein. The invitation was sufficiently heeded, despite the cricket grounds of a sunny Saturday afternoon.

THERE were speeches, and very good speeches too; and an executive committee was appointed to draw up a protest to the Dean. This it has done, and the first draft, which is marked "under revision," runs as follows:

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned art students of London, beg leave to approach you on a matter which deeply concerns all its citizens, and particularly concerns us who have the beauty of Wren's masterpiece as a continual inspiration in our work and life.

Let us submit that our youth, far from disintitling us to an opinion, gives us a special claim to be heard. It will be ours to live longest under the tyranny of disfigurements which those who are responsible for the "decoration" of St. Paul's unhappily seek to impose on posterity.

Such decorations as these, out of harmony as they are with the building, must disturb that spirit of devotion Wren sought to inspire.

Most emphatically we would protest against the act of desecration which, perverting the original structural lines to a new decorative motive, violates the unity of the fabric and insults the memory of the illustrious architect whose monument it is.

Nothing less than a complete removal of the whole of the lately added decorations can restore to the Cathedral its original beauty. And it is for nothing less than this complete removal that we petition you, having the honour to subscribe ourselves, Very Reverend Sir, your Petitioners.

If this protest, which has already had the approval of many men of letters, is approved by the art students of all the Schools, it will be signed and then carried by the petitioners in procession for delivery at the door of the Deanery.

## The Year of Jubilee.

WHEN o'er the land rebellion rolls—  
The land of love that owns our sway—  
When tumult canopies our souls,  
Like vapour that conceals the day,  
My strength is this—to you and me  
Will come a Year of Jubilee.

Then shall our thoughts be freed from sin,  
And all our felon fancies shriven;  
The harvest shall be gathered in,  
The folk be fed, the foe forgiven,  
When full of grace to you and me  
Returns our Year of Jubilee.

For so to all true wedded sprites  
A fairer pleasure comes of pain,  
Because their love renews delights  
And turns their harm to health again:  
Our strength is theirs—for you and me  
Comes back a Year of Jubilee.

And so we must reject the lore  
Of rogues who would revile the power  
Of love that makes us more and more  
The heirs of things beyond the hour,  
Where still is stored for you and me  
Another Year of Jubilee.

F. B. MONEY-COUTIS.



## For a Village Library.

THE librarians of New York State have been asked to furnish lists of the fifty books of 1898 which they deem to be most suitable to be added to a village library. The selections were based upon a list of 500 issued by the New York State Library, and an examination of these has resulted in a final "best fifty," which we give, together with the number of votes accorded to each book.

| RANK. |  | VOTES. |
|-------|--|--------|
| 1.    | Kipling. The Day's Work .. ..  | 116    |
| 2.    | Bryce. William Ewart Gladstone ..  | 91     |
|       | Smith. Caleb West, Master Diver ..   | 91     |
| 4.    | Worcester. Philippine Islands and their People ..                                    | 88     |
| 5.    | Parker. Battle of the Strong .. ..   | 87     |
| 6.    | Wiggin. Penelope's Progress .. ..  | 86     |
|       | Wyckoff. The Workers: the West ..  | 86     |
| 8.    | Page. Red Rock .. ..   | 83     |
| 9.    | Mitchell. Adventures of François ..  | 75     |
|       | Rostand. Cyrano de Bergerac; from the French<br>by G. Thomas and M. F. Guillemand .. | 75     |
| 11.   | Crawford. Ave Roma Immortalis ..   | 73     |
|       | Hope. Rupert of Hentzau .. ..  | 73     |
|       | Ward. Helbeck of Bannisdale .. ..  | 73     |
| 14.   | Lodge. Story of the Revolution .. ..   | 70     |
| 15.   | Peary. Northward over the Great Ice ..   | 67     |
| 16.   | Steevens. With Kitchener to Khartum ..   | 66     |
| 17.   | Davis. Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns ..  | 63     |
| 18.   | Kidd. Control of the Tropics .. ..   | 58     |
| 19.   | Deland. Old Chester Tales .. ..  | 57     |
| 20.   | Westcott. David Harum .. ..  | 49     |
|       | Wright. Four-footed Americans and their Kin ..                                       | 49     |
| 22.   | Lee. Life of William Shakespeare .. ..   | 48     |
| 23.   | Parloa. Home Economics .. ..   | 47     |
| 24.   | Bismarck-Schönhausen. Bismarck the Man and<br>the Statesman .. ..                    | 46     |
| 25.   | Earle. Home Life in Colonial Days ..   | 45     |
|       | Shaler. Outlines of the Earth's History ..   | 45     |
| 27.   | Hewlett. Forest Lovers .. ..   | 44     |
|       | Spears. Our Navy in the War with Spain ..  | 44     |
|       | Thompson. Wild Animals I Have Known ..   | 44     |
| 30.   | Weyman. Castle Inn .. ..   | 43     |
|       | Wingate. What Shall Our Boys Do for a<br>Living? .. ..                               | 43     |
| 32.   | Demolins. Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What<br>it is Due .. ..                        | 42     |
|       | Henty. Under Wellington's Command ..   | 42     |
|       | Higginson. Tales of the Enchanted Islands of<br>the Atlantic .. ..                   | 42     |
| 35.   | Griffis. Pilgrims in their Three Homes—England,<br>Holland, and America .. ..        | 41     |
|       | Higginson. Cheerful Yesterdays .. ..   | 41     |
|       | Zangwill. Dreamers of the Ghetto .. ..   | 41     |
| 38.   | Dana. Recollections of the Civil War ..  | 40     |
| 39.   | Emery. How to Enjoy Pictures .. ..   | 39     |
|       | Hulme. Flags of the World .. ..  | 39     |
| 41.   | Bailey. Garden Making .. ..  | 38     |
|       | Brooks. True Story of Benjamin Franklin ..   | 38     |
|       | Hedin. Through Asia .. ..  | 38     |
|       | Henderson. What is Good Music? .. ..   | 38     |
|       | Landor. In the Forbidden Land .. ..  | 38     |
| 46.   | Colquhoun. China in Transformation ..  | 37     |
|       | Grinnell and Roosevelt. Trail and Camp Fire ..                                       | 37     |
|       | Merriman. Roden's Corner .. ..   | 37     |
| 49.   | Hill. Cuba and Porto Rico .. ..  | 36     |
|       | Hutton. Boy I Knew and Four Dogs ..  | 36     |
|       | Mabie. Essays on Work and Culture ..   | 36     |
|       | Stevens. Yesterdays in the Philippines ..  | 36     |

Such are the flowers of yesteryear in the order they are loved. Just now the following new books are, according to the American *Bookman*, in the highest favour in the States:

David Harum. E. N. Westcott.  
A Day's Work. R. Kipling.  
Aylwin. T. Watts-Dunton.  
When Knighthood was in Flower. E. Caskoden.  
Red Rock. T. N. Page.  
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. F. B. Dunne.

## Correspondence.

### Anthologies.

SIR,—In a recent issue you named several excellent anthologies of British poetry. You may care to be reminded of the two collections made by the late Mr. W. J. Linton, the great engraver, and husband of Mrs. Lynn Linton: (1) *English Verse*, in five volumes, edited by Linton and Mr. R. H. Stoddard; (2) *Golden Apples of Hesperus*, privately printed by Linton himself at his Appledore Press, at New Haven, Conn. Linton as poet and critic has been too much overlooked.—I am, &c.,

KINETON PARKES.

The Library, Nicholson Institute, Leek: May 4, 1899.

### "Dulce Cor."

SIR,—The *Scots Pictorial* is rather late in its discovery of the fact that "Ford Bereton" is S. R. Crockett. In 1894 Mr. Crockett said to a *New Age* interviewer: "In 1885 I published *Dulce Cor* under the name of Ford Bereton. Only 500 copies were issued, and I see foolish people are offering a considerable sum for a copy. It is a young man's work. I was just twenty-five then." I may add that the etching in the volume is one of Mrs. Crockett by MacGeorge, who did the sketches in the *Stickit* volume. Mrs. Crockett is the daughter of George Milner, author of *Studies on the Coast of Arran*.—I am, &c.,

T. S. KNOWLSON.

Wilmslow, Manchester: May 6, 1899.

[Another correspondent, writing to the same effect, quotes Mr. Crockett's own account of the book, as printed in the *Idler* for July, 1895: "Altogether we were abroad for a year, and during that year I wrote many verses. Perhaps one-third of my book of poems, *Dulce Cor*, was written during that year. The Ford Bereton poem was written at the foot of the Matterhorn."]

## Some Odd Coincidences.

### Our Literary Competitions.

#### RESULT OF No. 31.

LAST week we quoted a coincidence narrated by the late Lord De Tabley in a letter to Sir Mounstuart Grant Duff, and we asked our readers for similar occurrences from their own experience, true and compactly related. A very interesting batch of odd conjunctions has resulted. The most curious is that contributed by Mr. Thomas Constable, but its length is so considerable that it can hardly be held to conform to the condition as to succinctness. We have decided to divide the prize. One half belongs to Mrs. Locker, 11, West Hill, Highgate, for this amusing and artistically satisfactory record of fact:

In October, 1892, my husband and I went to Brussels. On our first day there we noticed that most of the tramcars carried a large advertisement of Kemmerich's beef-juce (I forget the French for beef-juice). Approaching one of the principal squares we came upon an important-looking equestrian statue. "Whose statue is that?" I asked. To which my husband, by way of a joke, replied: "Oh, that's Kemmerich, the beef-juice man." When we came close enough to read the inscription we found it was Godfrey de Bouillon.

The other half belongs to the sender of the following coincidence (will he please repeat his name and address?):

Many years ago, while paying a visit in Glasgow, I went to a ball there. On leaving the ball-room I took from the attendant in the cloak-room a silk hat which next morning I discovered was not my own. Glasgow has, I have no doubt, at least a hundred hat shops. Without selecting any one in particular I entered one, by chance as it were. While in process of having myself fitted with a new hat, a gentleman came in, and addressing one of the salesmen, he said: "I took the wrong hat from a ball-room last night, and I must have a new one." I crossed the shop to him, saying "Excuse me. Is this your hat?" "Of course it is," said he. "Is this yours, pray?" It was, and thereupon we exchanged hats and civilities, said "Good morning" to the two open-mouthed and disappointed salesmen, and departed.

This is Mr. Constable's remarkable experience :

Some ten or twelve years ago I received a letter with the superscription : "Mr. Thomas Constable, Post Office, Uckfield." I, not unnaturally, opened it—as I had never heard of any namesake within my postal district—and found that it contained a cheque for between £300 and £400, payable to Thomas Constable by Messrs. Layard Bros. There was no date or address at the head of the letter, but the envelope bore a New York post-mark. The letter, in substance, ran as follows : "Dear Tom,—As my boat may go to the bottom, I'll send this by the *Europa* for fear of accidents. It's all I'm worth, and it will be something for you all if I don't claim it.—Your affectionate brother, J. (or T.) Constable." The letter was written hastily in pencil in an unformed hand that I thought must probably be the hurried writing of my youngest brother James, who had been mining at Kingston, U.S.A., for some years. I was surprised at his method of communicating his little (unsuspected) fortune to me, nor did I know he was leaving Kingston; but I thought it better to take the cheque personally to the bankers in London. I showed them the letter, but they could throw no light on it. They offered, however, to cash the cheque for me. I declined this offer, and took the cheque and letter to Uckfield, where the banker used also to be the postmaster. He seized upon both letter and cheque, saying that the owner of both had just been there in an awful state at not finding them. The next day I had a call from my namesake to thank me for my honesty, and to heap more surprises on me. He had been working for some time on a neighbouring claim to my two brothers at Kingston, knew them both intimately, and gave me their latest news. He was born in my parish, and had sent the letter, which he had facetiously written to himself, to Uckfield as being well known to him in his childhood and youth. He had imagined that as he put "post office" on his letter it would await his return.

[T. C., Buxted.]

There follow as many other records as we can find room for :

On July 24, 1890, one of my *Queer Stories*, "John Spragthorpe, the Ranching Agent," was published in *Truth*. It was suggested by a telegram of two or three lines in the *Standard*, announcing that one of two young English farm-pupils had been found dead in America under circumstances which pointed to foul play. The details of the affair did not come out till the trial, some months after my story had appeared, when, curiously enough, the facts were found to coincide so nearly with the fiction that *Truth* was actually charged with the responsibility of the crime, "which," to quote from a letter of remonstrance written to the editor, "was clearly put into the head of the murderer by reading the story"! Coincidence No. 1.

In 1898 a lady whose acquaintance I had lately made called at my house, and in the course of conversation said : "I have been reading your *Golf-Madness*, and other *Queer Stories*, and, of course, in 'John Spragthorpe, the Ranching Agent,' recognise the tragedy with which my son was so nearly connected." I expressed surprise, and she then told me that the fellow-pupil of the murdered man who had barely escaped the same fate, and who, as chief witness at the trial, had been mainly instrumental in bringing the murderer to justice, was *her son*! Coincidence No. 2.

The day on which this conversation took place proved to be the very day (July 24) on which, eight years before, the story had appeared in *Truth*! Coincidence No. 3.

[G. S. Layard, Malvern.]

#### CHAPTER I.

In *East Bengal* I knew (and liked) a Bengali whose face was as rectangular as this page. He was "Special Sub-Registrar of Islamabad."

#### CHAPTER II.

On a crowded steamer in *West Bengal* I was approached by a smiling Bengali whose chin was abnormally square, and, vaguely reminiscent, I asked : "And of what district are you, sir, the Special Sub-Registrar?"

#### CHAPTER III.

The surprised and surprising reply was : "Your honour I am Special Sub-Registrar of Navadwip."

Yet Special Sub-Registrars are not selected because their chins are square.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Two friends, Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., had lost sight of one another for some years, and Mrs. A. had tried in vain to discover Mrs. B.'s whereabouts. A mail-steamer was wrecked, but the mails were ultimately recovered, and after some delay Mrs. A. received a letter which had been contained in a submerged mailbag. The envelope had evidently adhered closely, when wet, to another letter, and its blank side bore a more or less clear impression of reversed writing. This writing, when held up to a looking-glass, proved to be the name and address of Mrs. B., with whom, by this means, communications were successfully re-established.

[I. F. R., Hertford.]

Many years ago, when a lad, I drove to catch the Irish mail express at Rugby, intending to cross to Ireland. My horse "ibbed" when near the station, and I had the mortification of

seeing the train go on without me, and I consequently missed the corresponding boat. I went on by a later one, and conversed with a gentleman on board for some time when nearing Irish coast. He asked where I was going to. I said : "Bray, in Wicklow." He said : "So am I, to see my mother." I asked name. He told me. I said : "Then I am your brother!" Tableau. He had been abroad many years with his regiment, and had forgotten his school-boy brother, who, of course, had also lost all remembrance of his elder brother.

[G. E. B., Ascot.]

Replies received also from L. E., Budleigh Salterton; S. R. M., Glendevon; A. B. M., Eastbourne; W. C., London; E. S. B. (no name enclosed), Woodford; G. R., Aberdeen; G. E. M., London; A. E. C., Brighton; S. E. G., Bridlington Quay; H. C. W., London; G. N., Bristol; W. C. F. A., Sheffield.

### Competition No. 32.

We ask this week for an original list of twelve chapter headings to an imaginary sensational novel. They must be explicit enough to be alluring, yet not explicit enough to forestal the pleasure of surprise; and they must carry the story forward to the end. To the compiler of the best list a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 16. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the last column of p. 544 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, May 11.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Davidson (W. L.), <i>Christian Ethics</i> .....(Black)  | 1/6  |
| Stevens (G. B.), <i>The Theology of the New Testament</i> .....(T. & T. Clark)  | 12/0 |
| The Book of Psalms: Containing the Prayer-Book Version, the Authorised Version, and the Revised Version in Parallel Columns<br>(Cambridge University Press) |      |
|   | 2/6  |

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Terry (G. P. W.), <i>Greater Westminster</i> .....("London Argus" Office)               | 1/0  |
| Morison (W.), <i>Andrew Melville</i> .....(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)                | 1/6  |
| Brownlie (Rev. J.), <i>The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary</i><br>(Frowde) |      |
| Dodge (W. P.), <i>Piers Gaveston</i> .....(Unwin)                                       | 12/0 |
| Thomas (E.), <i>Roman Life Under the Caesars</i> .....(Unwin)                           | 7/6  |
| Vallati (A.), <i>Joseph Chamberlain</i> .....(Felix Alcan)                              |      |
| Leach (A. F.), <i>A History of Winchester College</i> .....(Duckworth & Co.)            | 6/0  |
| Thompson (Rev. H. L.), <i>Henry George Liddell, D.D.</i> .....(Murray)                  | 16/0 |
| Lyall (Sir A. C.), <i>Asiatic Studies. Second Series</i> .....(Murray)                  | 9/0  |

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| <i>The Solitary Summer.</i> By the Author of <i>Elizabeth and Her German Garden</i> .....(Macmillan) | 6/0 |
| Shorter (Mrs. C.), <i>Ballads and Poems</i> .....(Bowden)  | 3/6 |
| Smith (H.), <i>Interludes. Third Series</i> .....(Macmillan)   | 5/0 |

#### NEW EDITIONS.

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Britten (J.), <i>Protestant Fiction. Second edition.</i> (Catholic Truth Society)            | 1/0 |
| Fauzit (H.), <i>On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters. Sixth edition</i><br>(Blackwood) | 7/6 |
| Horder (W. G.), <i>The Hymn Lover. Second edition revised</i> .....(Curwen)                  |     |
| <i>The Works of Shakespeare. Eversley edition. Vol. V.</i> .....(Macmillan)                  | 5/0 |
| Lyall (Sir A. C.), <i>Asiatic Studies. First Series</i> .....(Murray)                        | 9/0 |

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| De Azurara (G. E. de), <i>The Chronicle of the Discovery of the Conquest of Guinea. Now first done into English by C. Raymond Beazley and Edgar Prestage. Vol. II.</i> .....(Hakluyt Society) |     |
| <i>A Guide to London</i> .....(Ward, Lock)  | 1/0 |
| <i>Cassell's Guide to London</i> .....(Cassell)   | 1/0 |
| <i>To Mountain, Castle, and Crag by an Ocean Route</i><br>(Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co.)   |     |

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| <i>Tourists' Vade Mecum of Spanish Colloquial Conversation</i> .....(Pitman)            |     |
| Hardy (B. C.), <i>The Adventures of Caradoc Ap Iwan</i><br>(Salt & Rowlands, Welshpool) | 1/0 |
| Hall (L.), <i>Man, the Microcosm. Part I. The Nature of Man</i><br>(Williams & Norgate) | 2/6 |
| Irvine (D.), "Parsifal" and Wagner's Christianity.....(Gravel & Co.)                    | net |
| Milman (H.), <i>My Roses and How I Grew Them</i> .....(Lane)                            | net |
| <i>Golf</i> .....(Ward, Lock)   | 3/6 |
| Spurr (H. A.), <i>A Cockney in Arcadia</i> .....(Allen)                                 | 0/1 |
| <i>Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon</i> .....(Chatto)                           | 3/0 |
| <i>The Genealogical Magazine. Vol. II. : May, 1908—April, 1909</i> .....(Stock)         |     |

\* \* \* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.



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### LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S CHINA

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This book, which is a companion volume to "China in Transformation," deals with the advance of Japan since the recent war with China, and is written by one who thoroughly knows his subject, and who has had the advantage of spending several years in Japan.

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EDITED BY

**DR. J. A. H. MURRAY,**

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